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LETTERS

justice in Iran

Vermillion, S. Dak.

DEAR SIRS: Fifty-five young Iranians are being tried behind the closed doors of the military courts of Teheran. Because of the nature of justice in Iran, we are deeply concerned about their fate—particularly that of Mohammad Bodjnourdi, who has been sentenced to death. A representative of the International Lawyers Association has not been permitted to attend the trial. Unless world public opinion is aroused against the arbitrary treatment of these political prisoners in Iran, the cause of human justice will suffer.

Carol Kaupp, President
Cosmopolitan Club
University of South Dakota

the exception of war

Claremont, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: As an old contributor and steadfast reader, I venture to extend congratulations to editors and writer alike for "The Ideological Vacuum" by Henry S. Kariel [*The Nation,* Apr. 18]. This seems to me the most perceptive analysis of the American dilemma I have seen in many a year.

I would add one caveat, which Kariel implies but does not spell out. Granting that all generalizations about "national character" are dubious, I would agree that most Americans want "government" limited to the narrowest possible scope. The exception is war.

Obsessed, like all other people, by what Arnold J. Toynbee has termed the "false and maleficent religion" of nationalism, most Americans are willing to accept any amount of regimentation in the name of "national defense. . . ." The feeble efforts of the "merchants of death" in the 1930s have been replaced by the Pentagon—now the largest arms salesman in the world.

The ultimate implications of this process, which is seemingly irreversible, are too painful to contemplate. Meanwhile, congratulations to *The Nation* and to Henry S. Kariel for further illumination on the gravest issue of our time.

Frederick L. Schuman

the Harlem Six

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The review of *The Torture of Mothers* (and there's a grabber of a title for you!) by "poet and writer" June Meyer is one of the phoniest pieces a good magazine has ever presented [*The Nation,* Apr. 25].

This sensitive lady has been reduced, if I may be inelegant in such a dainty presence, to a mass of snot and tears by the sob story of "six poor Harlem youths" who, after several prior run-ins with the police, merely happened to stab to death an elderly shopkeeper and critically wound her husband. That boyish escapade is tossed away in one sentence, buried in about 2 pages of weepy indignation over the way the story was treated in the *Times* and the way their case was handled by court-appointed counsel.

Much more important than the killing and the second attempted killing (to sensitive Miss Meyer, that is) are the recorded words of the boys' mothers—words that "move on the page like poetry and capture the rhythm of every voice. . . ."

Dear Miss Meyer, poet and writer, what do you think you'd have heard if Truman Nelson was on the scene with his tape recorder when the "six poor Harlem youths" swarmed into Mrs. Sugar's store and savagely knifed her and her husband? *That,* poetic lady, would

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EDITORIALS

The Anomalous CIA

The *New York Times* series on the Central Intelligence Agency represents, as one might expect, a high level of journalistic competence, integrity and enterprise. For all its excellence, however, the series seems to have been organized around the wrong question, namely, do proper controls exist? To this question the authors of the survey—Tom Wicker, John W. Finney, Max Frankel, E. W. Kenworthy and other *Times* staff members—respond that whatever the situation may have been in the past, there is little evidence today that the CIA is making or sabotaging foreign policy or "otherwise acting on its own." True, the survey points out that "the danger of its getting out of control of the Administration exists and ought to be taken seriously within and without the government. The Bay of Pigs stands as an enduring testimony to that fact." But responsibility for the supervision and control of the agency, the authors feel, rests with the President, his highest advisers and the director of the CIA, not with Congress. In fact the problem of control can "only be met peripherally by Congressional oversight, and then with increased danger of security leaks and domestic political pressures on the agency."

It seems to us that the facts recited in the survey call for a different conclusion. Over a period of nineteen years, according to the *Times,* at least 150 resolutions have been introduced in Congress—and then abandoned—calling for legislative control and supervision of the agency. Quite plainly, Congress has been deeply and persistently concerned about the CIA and has never ceased to feel that it should be brought under Congressional supervision and control. And the reason for this feeling is obvious: the CIA is an anomalous agency; it does not fit into the established constitutional pattern. If it were solely an intelligence agency designed to aid the President, then perhaps it could be said that it should be under his supervision and control and directly responsible to him. But it is many other things as well. It is, for example, an agency that carries out plans and projects, some of which fall under the heading of "black" operations or "dirty tricks," including bribery, sabotage, slander (the Heine case on which we commented last week), armed insurrection, espionage, etc. These are warfare tactics; in fact the CIA in a sense grew out of, and succeeded to some of the functions of, the wartime OSS. In a word, the CIA is, in part, an arm of the Department of Defense. It is also an instrument of foreign policy, though not directly responsible to the State Department.

But what policies does it execute—those we publicly avow at the United Nations or those we privately pursue? *Newsweek* (May 9, p. 29) carries an intriguing story that would appear to link the CIA with an operation whereby planes were ferried to Portugal for use in Mozambique and Angola, in covert contravention of policies we had proclaimed at the UN. In addition, many of the CIA's activities have domestic implications: subsidies to universities, book publishers, magazines, etc. Senator Fulbright recently called attention to a new ramification of CIA influence. Should the agency, he asked, permit its analysts to present official statements and conclusions to the public in the guise

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of independent scholarship? (Mr. Fulbright cited an article by George A. Carver, Jr., in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Mr. Carver is identified as a student of political theory, with degrees from Yale and Oxford, a former officer in the U. S. aid mission to Saigon, and author—presumably this qualified him as an expert on the Vietcong!—of a tome entitled *Aesthetics and the Problem of Meaning.)*

Given these wide-ranging activities, which overlap several established departments, why should Congress have to accept the Administration's evaluation of the agency's performance? How can Congress understand and appraise the conduct of foreign policy without being fully advised about the work of the CIA? Initially the CIA had a budget of $46 million; it now employs 15,000 persons and spends "about" $500 million annually. How can Congress, in all conscience, in effect delegate to the President the power to determine the budget of such an agency? If the CIA is to be regarded as the private arm of the President, then the President must be held accountable not merely for everything it does—which can be bad enough—but for all that it is accused of doing. Every time a government topples in Zambia or a regime is overturned in Ghana, the first reaction of the world press is to blame the CIA. If Congress were fully advised, it might well decide to lop off the "dirty tricks" capers and confine the CIA to the business of gathering intelligence. In brief, to place exclusive reliance on the President and his advisers for the supervision and control of this secret agency is dangerously to extend the power of the Presidency and, by the same token, to diminish that of the Congress. What is needed is not a "watchdog" committee, that does not watch, but a select nine-member Senate committee—three from Armed Services, three from Appropriations, and three from Foreign Relations—of the type proposed by Senator Eugene McCarthy. Such a committee should conduct its own investigation of the agency, recommend whatever changes in structure and function seem desirable, and then establish procedures for airtight supervision and control.

Encounter with the CIA

The *Times* survey points out that the Central Intelligence Agency, through various devices, has supported the work of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. It also points out that *Encounter* magazine, a London-based "anti-Communist intellectual monthly," was "for a long time—though it is not now," an indirect beneficiary of CIA largess (funds were channeled through a foundation). There is nothing new in these disclosures; other publications, *The Nation* included, have known the facts for some time but were unable to confirm them (see editorial "Foundations as 'Fronts,'" *The Nation,* September 14, 1964). No doubt it is too much to expect that the Congress for Cultural Freedom and *Encounter* will now offer the public some explanation for their long continued but carefully concealed collaboration with the CIA. How long was *Encounter* subsidized? in what amounts? for what purposes?

The public, of course, will be told that considerations of "national security" and "top secrecy" preclude the possibility of an explanation. But the questions merit an answer all the same. Presumably *Encounter's* subscribers and con-

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tributors were not aware (although some of the contents should have placed them on notice) that the magazine was so subsidized. Throughout its history, the Congress for Cultural Freedom has made a practice of denouncing various radical and left-wing groups as "Communist fronts" and the like; but were the prominent intellectuals, the artists and writers, who attended its various assemblies told of the Congress' tie with the CIA? Some weeks ago, the Soviets accused two of their writers of associating with an American "agent" who, it turned out, was connected with *Encounter*. The charge was no doubt preposterous, but are the Soviets to be blamed for being suspicious? The undisclosed acceptance, over a long period, of CIA funds by two organizations avowedly dedicated to "cultural freedom" provides an ironic notation to the cultural history of the cold war.

The Air War Heats Up

Dr. Franz Schurmann and his colleagues at the Center for Chinese Studies at the University of California have worked out an interesting correlation between political crises in Saigon and American decisions to escalate the war. As reported by Marshall Windmiller, of San Francisco State College, the study suggests that every time there has been a danger of neutralists coming to power in Saigon—forces that might move toward some sort of settlement with Hanoi—we have escalated the war. The latest Buddhist demonstrations, by this reading, probably prompted the stepped-up air raids to the north of recent weeks. "Almost without publicity in the U. S.," states *U. S. News & World Report* (May 9, p. 27), "American bombings of the North have been steadily escalating." The escalation has, predictably, produced a response: on April 24, two of the supersonic, latest type MIG-21 fighter planes attacked four American jet fighters over North Vietnam. The next day a MIG-21 was shot down, just 20 miles from the Chinese border.

The first reaction of the State Department was to repeat a previous warning that we would not tolerate the idea of sanctuary; in other words, the doctrine of "hot pursuit" would apply. But the next day a White House spokesman explained that, in each instance, our all-seeing, all-knowing President would himself "personally" decide whether American planes could cross into China in "hot pursuit" of enemy aircraft. Great as are the powers of Lyndon Baines Johnson, and close as his personal supervision of military operations in Vietnam has been, it is not instantly clear how he will "personally" command dogfights taking place 8,000 miles from Pennsylvania Avenue. But a trusting Washington took the reassurances with the faith and confidence in the President's powers that he himself at all times radiates.

However, one skeptic, John Maffre of *The Washington Post*, did point out that the President is "not aboard each plane to make the pilot's decisions for him." There is nothing, in fact, to stop an American airman over North Vietnam from chasing an intruding Chinese plane into China. "The fighter pilot," as Mr. Maffre notes, "is the loneliest warrior in the world, and is a law unto himself to a large degree." Actually the President is relying not on his psychic powers but on the circumstance that our fighter pilots have been ordered not to invade a 20-mile buffer strip south of the Chinese border that has not yet been hit by U. S. planes. But this is a thin buffer indeed and could be easily violated, by accident or miscalculation or from an excess of combat exuberance. With the Air Force itching to have the restrictions on areas and targets removed, an "incident" might be very much to its liking. The point to note, however, is that our escalation of the bombing is what brought the MIGs into combat. If we continue to play the game of "escalation" long enough, we shall invite the response that we say we do not want. However reluctant the Chinese may be to intervene, it would be a grave mistake to think that they will never do so. They will, if they feel that they must.

Sex Spies

Among our many repressive and irrational laws on sexual behavior—long criticized by *The Nation*—attempts to ban homosexual conduct are perhaps the most useless. Since the British Wolfenden Commission's 1957 recommendation that private homosexual behavior between consenting adults ought not be a criminal offense, there has been an ever-widening professional and public demand for reform in this area. The general and growing openness in sexual matters (notwithstanding the Supreme Court's surprising Ginzburg-*Eros* decision) has facilitated debate. Furthermore, as Howard S. Becker pointed out in these pages ["Deviance and Deviates," September 20, 1965], deviants themselves increasingly organize to fight for their rights. Whether or not one believes it appropriate to consider homosexuals a major "minority group" in American society (as some spokesmen of this "homophile movement" assert), it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the laws against them do more harm than good.

In a recent 200-page report, the *UCLA Law Review* presents findings from an exhaustive study of anti-homosexuality law-enforcement policies and practices. Besides a general analysis of sex deviation laws in the various American jurisdictions, the research team made a detailed inquiry into the situation in California (and more specifically Los Angeles County) analyzing all available data on large samples of felony and misdemeanor cases, tracing out exactly what happened to these defendants as they went through the various enforcement stages, and conducting numerous interviews with enforcement officials, judges, attorneys, psychiatrists and homosexuals themselves.

Not unexpectedly, the study found enforcement largely limited to controlling blatant public displays and to general measures of harassment. Although harsh penalties can be imposed under California's sex statutes (and there is also a provision requiring persons convicted under certain homosexuality statutes to register permanently with the police as sex offenders), it was found that the normal sentence for public homosexuality was no more than sixty days in the county jail and a $200 fine. Judges were found to view public displays of adult homosexual behavior primarily as a nuisance. Significantly, analysis of case records showed that none of the 493 defendants in the felony sample had any prior record of child molesting, and only one had been arrested previously for a crime of violence. The study also makes clear the considerable confusion created in Cali-

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fornia by the existence of a variety of distinct statutory provisions (a confusion which seems infinitely greater when one views the problem nationally), and also the enormous discretion given to officials at various stages of the enforcement process to "decide" just who is to be charged with what, when, and with what results.

Because there is no complaining "victim" in private consensual homosexuality, any enforcement efforts that are to go beyond routine patrolling must use questionable means of obtaining evidence. The UCLA report describes in considerable detail the use of police decoys and (apparently even more widespread) clandestine observation techniques. Few readers of the report will fail to be disturbed by the implication that we are permitting in this area an active program of public spying.

Although recognizing society's interest in controlling public displays of homosexuality, the UCLA researchers see no evidence that the prevailing pattern of enforcement could significantly deter such conduct. The state of Illinois already has enacted a provision equivalent to the Wolfenden recommendation—and no data have been presented showing either a vast upsurge of homosexuality or any other resulting social harms in that jurisdiction.

The UCLA report alludes to some of the harms done to the suspected or convicted homosexual under present laws —including loss of job, increased dangers of blackmail, and being forced into ever more devious and defensive patterns of behavior. If some discernible social gain were produced through repressive policy, if even there were some definitely applicable "cure" for homosexuality which could readily be applied in such cases, then perhaps the social costs might somehow be justified. As it is, and quite apart from whatever we consider to be the "causes" of homosexuality, the major consequences of these laws seem entirely negative.

Students' Rights

The question of the scope and privacy of university student records must be viewed not only in the current civil liberties aspect, but against the background of the presently developing political situation in the United States. The views Senator Fulbright expressed in his April 28 speech before the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association should be soberly considered in this context. Among the ill effects of the Vietnamese adventure Mr. Fulbright foresees a rising war fever which, as the casualty lists mount and no end can be envisioned, will overcome the good sense and humanity of a section of the American people—perhaps a predominant section. Every possible means should be sought to prevent, or at least retard, this brutalization, and to shield its future victims as far as possible. Protecting university students against complaisant or repressive university administrations will promote both objectives.

At the University of Minnesota the student association passed a resolution earlier this year asking the dean's office not to disclose organizational affiliations if a student so requests. As reported in the *Minnesota Daily* (April 22), Dean E. G. Williamson replied that "although there are definite guidelines, the decision about whether to release any student's record must necessarily be a value judgment." As to what this particular dean's value judgment would be in a particular situation *The Nation* has not the slightest idea, but recently at Wesleyan College in Middletown, Conn., an FBI agent asked Dean Stanley Idzerda for the names of all students in the local Students for a Democratic Society chapter. Mr. Idzerda replied that the college kept no such lists, and added, "Things like this can be a danger to a free and open community if men change their behavior because of it." At Minnesota, although it is stated that no records reflecting political activity are kept, the dean undertakes only to appraise carefully a student's written request to withhold information (which in itself puts the student on the spot) and to conduct his evaluation "in the light of the university's responsibilities to report information in response to legitimate inquiries" from other institutions, prospective employers and government agencies.

There are of course many different types of information; the sensitive one is political information, which is also the easiest to misinterpret or garble. The National Council of the American Association of University Professors takes a view which should commend itself to discerning university administrations, and which is particularly timely when further untoward developments are possible. The AAUP urges that academic and disciplinary records be kept separate, that no records be kept which reflect the political activities or beliefs of students, and further that professors should not release information about student beliefs that they acquire in their roles as instructors, advisers and counselors—in effect the counterpart of physicians' and lawyers' obligations to respect their clients' confidences. The AAUP recommended that administrative staff and student personnel officers follow the same practice.

Students, like all adults, should be responsible for their actions. But they should not be responsible to the FBI for their beliefs and the orderly expression of what they believe in, and the university can best protect their rights—and its own—by following the AAUP prescription.

The Rebel President

In earthquake prone California a minor socio-political temblor has been recorded at Stanford University: a spokesman for the New Left has been elected president of the student body. David Harris, a 20-year-old junior and honors major in social thought, won the post by a margin of 535 votes out of 4,252 votes cast—the largest turn-out in a student election in the university's history (about 10,000 students were eligible to vote). Harris is an admirer of Mario Savio, who was a leader of the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, and of educational critic Paul Goodman. "I was forged with the student revolutionary spirit," he contends, and his credentials confirm it: a stint with SNCC in Mississippi, peace activities and marches with the Delano grape pickers.

No one was more "shocked" by the results than Harris, who had anticipated that he would be lucky if he received 200 votes. He campaigned in dungarees, a rumpled sport coat and sandals. During the campaign he took a strong stand in favor of student strikes, abolition of fraternities, abolition of the grading system and of required courses,

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and insisted that students were entitled to representation on the Stanford Board of Trustees. "The university structure," he said, "has forgotten about education, and has shifted its emphasis away from concern with the students which should be the reason for its existence."

Students interviewed on the campus were not quite sure themselves how it was that Harris' campaign caught on, but *The Stanford Daily* concluded that the new president's candid and outspoken style was for many a welcome relief from the usual drivel of student politics. His candidacy became "a symbolic gesture, a protest." And there may be a larger significance in Harris' victory than he or the *Daily* suspect. When the New Left can win at affluent Stanford, there is life in the body politic. Politicians may be forced to take note of a new axiom: the more affluent the community, the better the chances of the rebel candidate.

The Consumer Wave

A few observers—notably the late Estes Kefauver—asserted that the consumer interest should, and some time would be, the wave of the future, but it never seemed to work that way. Apparently consumers were too large and inchoate a group to exert political influence. Nevertheless, John F. Kennedy broke precedent by being the first President in U. S. history to send to Congress a message entirely devoted to consumer problems and the consumer interest. Unfortunately he did not set up any operable machinery to carry out his good intentions. He did create, in June, 1962, a twelve-member Consumer Advisory Committee, for what little it was worth. In January, 1964, President Johnson appointed Mrs. Esther Peterson as Special Presidential Assistant for Consumer Affairs. Mrs. Peterson has done as good a job as could be expected, with no real power, and with consumer representatives scattered in some thirty-two government agencies, with the consumer not knowing where or how to lodge a complaint. Yet now, after all these years of only slight progress, it looks as if the great mass of consumers may get some worth-while attention.

A combination of factors has improved the outlook:

(*1*) Rising prices and the danger of inflation.

(*2*) The imperatives of politics. Great Society programs require money, but the canny Lyndon B. Johnson can make a considerable stir about the woes of the consumer at little or no cost.

(*3*) Corporate irresponsibility has reached such a point that enlightened business leaders, and the industry press in some areas, have taken alarm. Ralph Nader, after many a lance had been broken on windmills, took on the auto industry and showed it was not invulnerable. The media which, out of consideration for auto advertisers, had long neglected safety in car design, suddenly took interest when they sensed the ground swell of public outrage. The drug industry, and many others, are equally open to correction.

(*4*) As we move into a synthetic environment with all sorts of complicated technological devices necessary for routine living, all of us need help as consumers. In the good old days (when children died of strep throats and heart attacks were thought to be "acute indigestion"), a buyer with some experience and good eyesight probably would not get stuck with a spavined horse; the auto buyer of today needs technical advice. In *The Intelligent Buyer's Guide to Sellers*, which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the fall, Dexter Masters tells the whole story.

What is necessary now is to prevent LBJ from skimming off the political cream without giving the consumer what he should have had long ago. The President should throw his weight behind the Truth in Lending and Truth in Packaging bills, and then create a formal setup that can effectively protect the consumer interest.

LSD: RESEARCH & JOY RIDE

J. THOMAS UNGERLEIDER and DUKE D. FISHER

Dr. Ungerleider is an assistant professor, and Dr. Fisher a psychiatric resident, at the University of California (Los Angeles) Center for the Health Sciences.

LSD 25, an indole derivative from ergot, was synthesized by Hoffman in 1938, but for a good many years little attention was paid to the drug. Then, within the past year or two, interest in this psychedelic or "mind manifesting" drug has soared among both professionals and the lay public. LSD has been widely publicized in nonmedical publications, a number of sociologic studies exist, and a journal has been founded to report experiences resulting from its use.

Three different approaches to LSD have been described and studied to date. The first is the experimental administration of the drug in controlled laboratory setting, a record being kept of subjective and/or objective effects. Initially the so-called "model psychoses" induced by LSD were compared with schizophrenia and with delirium. However, this method of comparative study has proved to be somewhat disappointing.

The second aspect of study has been the psychotherapeutic use of LSD to increase awareness, lift repressions and facilitate insight during psychotherapy. LSD is also used for treatment of specific disorders such as alcoholism.

The third type of study, and the one which concerns us most, has to do with the psychiatric side effects that follow ingestion of LSD. Most of this study is concerned with self-administered doses of the drug. The side effects occur regardless of the sources of the drug and regardless of the setting in which it has been administered, but far more LSD is bought on the black market (it is either imported illegally from Mexico or produced locally by amateur chemists) than is given experimentally or psychotherapeutically. LSD obtained on the street often contains a number of impurities; sometimes other compounds (among them atropine) are sold allegedly as LSD. Black market doses, usually diluted

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as they are passed on, contain an unknown number of micrograms of LSD.

Psychiatrists throughout the country have been observing increasing numbers of severe side effects from the drug over the past seven or eight months. (An excellent early personal account of a "bad trip" from LSD was "They Split My Personality" by Harry Asher, *Saturday Review*, June 1, 1963.) At the UCLA Medical Center, approximately one psychiatric disorder associated with LSD ingestion had been turning up every other month. However, beginning in September of 1965, the figure jumped to between five and fifteen cases a month. Other local facilities in the Los Angeles area have reported a similar increase. The new Federal Drug Abuse Control Amendments of 1965, which went into effect on February 1, have had no apparent effect in decreasing the number of LSD cases seen in our psychiatric emergency room. About one-third of the LSD cases at UCLA have required admission to the psychiatric hospital; approximately half of these to the ward on which the authors work.

In addition, we have conducted group therapy sessions once a week for several months among all the hospitalized LSD patients whose doctors would permit them to attend. The purpose was to learn what reactions these patients had experienced and to become acquainted with the patients themselves. The LSD users who come to the hospital are primarily young, single, Caucasian, male; few are religious. They live throughout the Los Angeles area, but particularly in the Hollywood section and the beach cities. Most of them are unemployed, but some are students. Many of our patients had used other drugs besides LSD, particularly marijuana; some had taken LSD as often as sixty times. These people came to the emergency room suffering from confusion, anxiety, depression, suspiciousness and hallucinations.

During this study we became curious about the overall LSD population. Were we seeing atypical reactions or were others reacting the same way to LSD but not being brought into the hospital? As word spread of our interest, informants began to appear at the hospital. They told us of other LSD users in the community and of their aberrant behavior. We heard about people wandering about in chronic states of confusion, and the psychiatrists on duty at the hospital received many phone calls about threatened or already attempted suicides and other disturbed behavior. Many of these people refused to come in to the hospital.

We then began to go out into the community and attended a number of LSD sessions held in private homes or "pads." We observed what we would consider obvious psychotic behavior: suspiciousness, grimacing, inappropriate affect, apparent hallucinations and motor restlessness. These affects seemed eventually to wear off and the patients we saw did not apparently harm themselves that day. We heard about others who had had unpleasant symptoms or utterly lost contact, and then recovered only to have these symptoms return weeks or months later *without* their having taken LSD again.

Besides these acute difficulties, there are other, more chronic problems. For one thing, LSD seems to affect a person's value system. We have found that in many instances formerly productive individuals have adopted the attitude that one should live merely for subjective experiences, and not play the various "games"—like work—that society demands. We have met this attitude in musicians, lawyers, psychologists and doctors. Since many people who experience this change of attitude are never seen by psychiatrists, one can only speculate as to its frequency.

Another chronic difficulty is perceptual distortion. For example, a band leader phoned us because his players were producing such terrible music. Nor could he talk to them, for they were on LSD and utterly convinced that the band was playing the most beautiful music ever heard. A law student told us that LSD had given him such new insight and opened such horizons that he felt his legal studies

New Scientist

Drawing by LSD Patient

were dull and boring by comparison. He speculated at length about the advisability of giving the world's leaders LSD so that they would love and not hate. At last contact he had not decided whether to pursue his law studies or to continue with LSD full time. We have observed this degree of subjective distortion among many LSD users. A group of them whom we studied fairly intensively over several months were convinced that they could "pick up vibrations" from other people, that they could tell if someone else had used LSD by casual inspection, that they had a keen awareness of music and art. Nevertheless, objective tests showed that their ability to discriminate was below normal, and that their powers of observation had been actually decreased by LSD.

At various community dances which we attended, the young girls were in their "psychedelic slacks" and the teenage boys wore long hair and sunglasses. They moved beneath undulating lights in bright "psychedelic" colors. At such gatherings the drug seemed to replace personal contact and to substitute for the drives of sex and aggression. We watched seven or eight sailors dancing with one girl on

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the floor. There was little male-female awareness or physical contact; each was in his own fantasy world.

The criteria for mental health, according to Freud, are the ability to work and to love, and LSD users seem to deteriorate in those very areas. We have already mentioned the numerous individuals we have studied who have either lost their jobs or lost the incentive to work after using LSD. The ability to love, that is to have psychic intimacy with another person, seems also to be decreased by LSD. In contradiction to the claim that the drug helps one to get closer to people, we note that users become more introspective and invested in themselves. The extreme results are autism and psychosis.

Advocates of LSD have maintained that proper screening techniques would enable one to predict individual reactions to LSD and to eliminate those who would have "bad trips." Our experience at UCLA indicates that such predictions are extremely unreliable. We know of patients who, though carefully screened for research purposes, suffered severe LSD reactions, with dramatic alterations of their value systems, resulting in a diminished level of functioning. On the other hand, we have come across members of the community whom we would have judged fairly unstable but who showed little or no change after using LSD.

The number of high school students and teen-agers who take the drug is increasing rapidly. Most adolescents are struggling with feelings of aggression and sexuality, along with their need to establish an identity. LSD can seem a "magic" solution to such problems. It offers a ready-made identity with fellow users and the introspective experience helps to deny the feelings of both aggression and sexuality. Their conversation becomes "acid head" talk. Bad "trips" are "freak." Every stranger is "the man" (police) and to talk to one would be to "cop-out" (squeal). Suspicion to the point of paranoia is common. The adolescent is frequently overwhelmed by the LSD experience, with the result that the search for identity becomes a florid psychotic nightmare. There is perhaps no period of life more loaded with conflict, and one might therefore expect that adolescents who took LSD would experience severe complications, including panic states, prolonged psychosis and severe depressions.

Another disturbing aspect of LSD usage is the missionary zeal it seems to induce in many of its users. We have no doubt that the enthusiasm is sincere, since we have come upon cases of mothers who have given LSD to their children, brothers who have encouraged their sisters to take it, and many individuals who have selected their closest friends and used every means possible to convince them that they too should share in the world of psychedelia. In several instances, individuals have devoted a great deal of their energies to buying LSD and passing it out free among the population in an attempt to "save the world."

The right environment for taking LSD (often alluded to by acid heads as necessary for a good trip) means having a "sitter" to guide you through the LSD state. However, neither a favorable environment nor a guide guarantees a pleasant or meaningful experience. If the trip goes bad, and LSD users are brought to a medical facility in the acute phase, tranquilizers and barbiturates will help most of them, but not all. Many of our hospitalized patients have remained in the hospital for more than a month.

Until more is known about LSD and its short- and long-term effects, it must be considered a very dangerous drug. Unfortunately, the ready market for and easy manufacture of the drug have resulted in an almost unlimited black market supply, and the buyers are often the very people who have the most to lose from its use. We certainly hope that LSD research will be continued, but we appeal to those who loudly proclaim that "everyone" should take LSD to remember the highly subjective response to the drug. We have known the most ardent enthusiasts to become the most eloquent opponents—often after just one bad experience.

The controversy continues to rage, some investigators maintaining that side effects are frequent, others stating that the potential gains far outweigh possible side effects. We are worried by what we have seen. California and other states are now considering legislation to supplement existing federal legislation; Sandoz Laboratories, the principal legitimate source, has discontinued manufacture. The future of LSD remains controversial and uncertain.

WHY FIGHT?

The Ruble-Dollar Road to Peace

ROBERT C. GARRETSON

Mr. Garretson is executive vice president of the Carling Brewing Company. During World War II, he was with the rationing division of the OPA. As early as 1930, he visited Russia to help install American machinery in Soviet food plants; he was there again in 1963 to revisit a factory in Krimskaya and to discuss economic trends with industrial leaders and economists in Moscow. He is the author of The Abundant Peace *(World).*

In the 1950s and 1960s the greatest threat to world peace has been the possibility of a nuclear conflict between the United States and the USSR. In both countries, fear of nuclear attack has been demonstrated in the campaigns for bomb shelters, and in the amount of time and money invested in warning systems and anti-missile missiles. Yet the economies of both countries reach new heights year after year, with continuously better resources of trained and educated workers and improved machines, and with continuously higher levels of production.

There are no valid reasons why the United States and the Soviet Union should threaten each other with economic

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subjugation or with nuclear war. Their nearly identical goals are, first, to achieve economic security with comfortable living standards for all their people and, second, to expand their trade with the rest of the world and thus increase their economic and political influence and, at the same time, assist many backward parts of the world to move toward peaceful economic security. To accomplish these goals each seeks to increase its Gross National Product as rapidly as possible. This does not mean that they have in mind the same allocations of production by industries, products and services, or the same distribution of the goods produced by segments of the population. But it does mean that they both want to achieve the same maximum rates of efficiency in producing and distributing the merchandise that they need.

Their mutual irrational fears may disappear as their economies continue to grow. Their competition in outer space, originating in military objectives, should become more cooperative when they recognize that neither can gain an offensive advantage at any level of the stratosphere.

The ideology of communism is no longer an asset on the world stage to the USSR. The underdeveloped nations want efficient production and full employment. They want to know how to use all their resources of men and materials to improve their living standards. Communism is no longer the glossy, new product that it was in the 1930s. It has been tested in a tough competitive world, and it hasn't done too well. Many varieties of socialism and capitalism have done better for all the classes. Russia has made the best communistic record, but the Soviet leaders admit that it isn't really communism, yet. Economic growth in the USSR has been impressive in the last twenty years. Russia has demonstrated a way to eliminate poverty and to find economic health and security, but it required exactly the combination of ruthless force, practical ingenuity and puritanical idealism that came together in Russia following the revolution. It required the economic, moral and social situation that had been created out of Russian history. A similar situation does not exist anywhere else, and communism in China and Yugoslavia doesn't have the same meaning.

The people of the world are comparing the progress made in the United States with that of the Soviet Union, and are thinking in terms of per capita incomes rather than theories of socialism and capitalism. Communism is a depreciating currency. It has nothing to offer an exploited working class. Few capitalist workers are as poor as the Communists in the USSR, and the record of Communist China does not stir the imagination of the Africans and South Americans who are looking for ways to escape their poverty. Even in the USSR, attention is turning to production standards and technologies, and it is hard to stir up a serious discussion of ideologies. When I first visited the Soviet Union in 1930, the Soviet people had nothing but theory. They were illiterate, hungry and without boots. Now they have begun to count their gains. They have inside plumbing, frozen foods and space missiles.

The changes in the economies of the United States and the USSR since 1929 have been so great that it is impossible not to anticipate even greater and more significant changes in the years ahead. These exciting prospects led

me to a study of the economic trends in both countries that resulted in *The Abundant Peace*. In looking for answers to the following questions, I tried to avoid the clichés and sentiments attached to communism and capitalism and to stick to the dull statistics and actual records of what the two peoples were doing.

Can the United States and Soviet Russia continue their current rates of economic growth for another thirty-five years? If so, will they still have to fear that a nuclear war might destroy them both? Will the meanings of communism and capitalism change as the Soviet Union and the United States learn how to measure the material needs of their societies and plan to satisfy those needs with the same kind of automated, electronically controlled production? How different will the benefits of state ownership and private ownership of the means of production turn out to be when they are measured in terms of the consumer goods that will be available for all the people in both societies?

My conclusions, after analyzing the available statistics and computing the significant economic trends, were:

(*1*) Both the U.S. and the USSR could continue to grow for another thirty-five years at the average growth rates of the last thirty-five years without getting in each other's way; in fact, both could achieve total production levels measured in trillions of dollars without being inhibited by their competition for world markets or by their different ideologies.

(*2*) The growth rates of both economies will not be determined by their political philosophies, whether Communist or capitalist, but by their ability to realize their economic potentials.

(*3*) The growth that is achieved in each economy will, nevertheless, affect and change its political philosophy.

(*4*) Continued growth at optimum rates does depend on ability to avoid a nuclear war.

(*5*) Economic trends in the United States and the Soviet

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Union do lead both countries in the direction of world peace.

(6) Curiously, both economies are developing techniques of production and distribution that have the same goals of efficiency and profits, and they will turn out to be nearly identical by the end of this century.

The economic trends in the United States and the USSR since 1929 weren't legislated by Congress or decided in management committees. They may have been planned, as in Russia, but in the end they were determined by the needs and possibilities of the two economies. The trends that are recorded may have been affected by political and philosophical pressures but their direction had to follow the availability of economic resources of capital and labor. That there will be further changes in the political philosophies of the two countries as a result of further economic expansion is more than just a possibility; it is inevitable.

A projection of trends into the future should be nonideological, nontheoretical and amoral. It isn't even a hypothesis or a conjecture, but simply a statement of what would happen if the trends did continue. But it is not a fact or a statistic, and it must be tested with judgment and logic, and measured against all possible alternatives.

If our economy continues to grow at the average rate of the last thirty-five years, where will it be in 1999? From 1929 to 1964, the economy of the United States grew at an annual rate of 3.5 per cent. If this rate were maintained, our Gross National Product (in 1964 dollars) would be $2.1 trillion in 1999. At our most recent rate of growth of more than 4 per cent, the GNP in 1999 would exceed $2.5 trillion, and if we could increase the rate to 5 per cent, we would reach $3.5 trillion. These are simple mathematical projections of alternative probabilities. A growth rate of at least 3.5 per cent is essential to avoid serious unemployment and depression, and a growth rate of about 5 per cent will be needed to take full advantage of our increasing population and improving rates of productivity.

At these growth rates, per capita personal consumption would more than double in the next thirty-five years. From an average of $2,140 in 1964, it would increase to more than $5,000 at an annual growth rate of 3.5 per cent, and to an estimated $8,400 per capita at a rate of 5 per cent. Personal consumption for the average family would be up to more than $17,000 and very few families would have less than enough for security and comfort.

In the Soviet Union, the GNP would be nearly $1.2 trillion in 1999 if the growth rate of 4 per cent achieved since 1929 were to continue. A 6 per cent rate, less than any Soviet economist would dare predict, would result in a GNP of about $2.2 trillion. During the years since 1942, Soviet growth has frequently exceeded a 6 per cent rate and the potentials are limited only by the availability of new capital and skilled workers. However, it is unlikely that the share of total production allocated to capital goods can remain as high as it has been since 1929, and maximum growth rates depend on a continuously high investment in new factories and new production.

It is estimated that the Soviet GNP has been divided about equally between consumer goods and capital goods. As a result, per capita household consumption in the Soviet Union was still only $660 in 1964, or less than one-third the average in the United States. A growth rate of 4 per cent would bring household consumption in the Soviet Union in 1999 almost exactly to the $2,140 per capita achieved in the United States in 1964. At a rate of 6 per cent, Soviet per capita personal consumption would be about $3,900, but even if only a 4 per cent rate of growth is achieved, the USSR will have succeeded by 1999 in creating an economy in which no one has less than enough of material goods, and will have proved that a planned economy can operate efficiently and profitably.

What all these projections mean is that over the next thirty-five years the average family in both the United States and the Soviet Union will be able to acquire three times as many additional goods for household consumption as a similar family could buy from 1929 to 1964. Soviet living standards will increase at a rate faster than living standards in the United States have increased since 1933. There will be an abundance of comfort in both countries, with very few families left at levels of want or poverty, and there will be comfortable abundance for more than half the families in the United States.

The varying degrees of affluence that will be enjoyed by different segments of both societies will be less important than the ability of everyone to have a decent standard of living. It is even possible that factors other than wealth may begin to have significance in measuring the living standards of both societies.

But are these literal projections of past growth meaningful? Isn't it possible that the trends in either the United States or the Soviet Union could be reversed without warning, as they were during the 1929-to-1933 depression in the United States? Isn't it likely that setbacks will occur in the growth of both economies? What are the chances that the trends can be improved?

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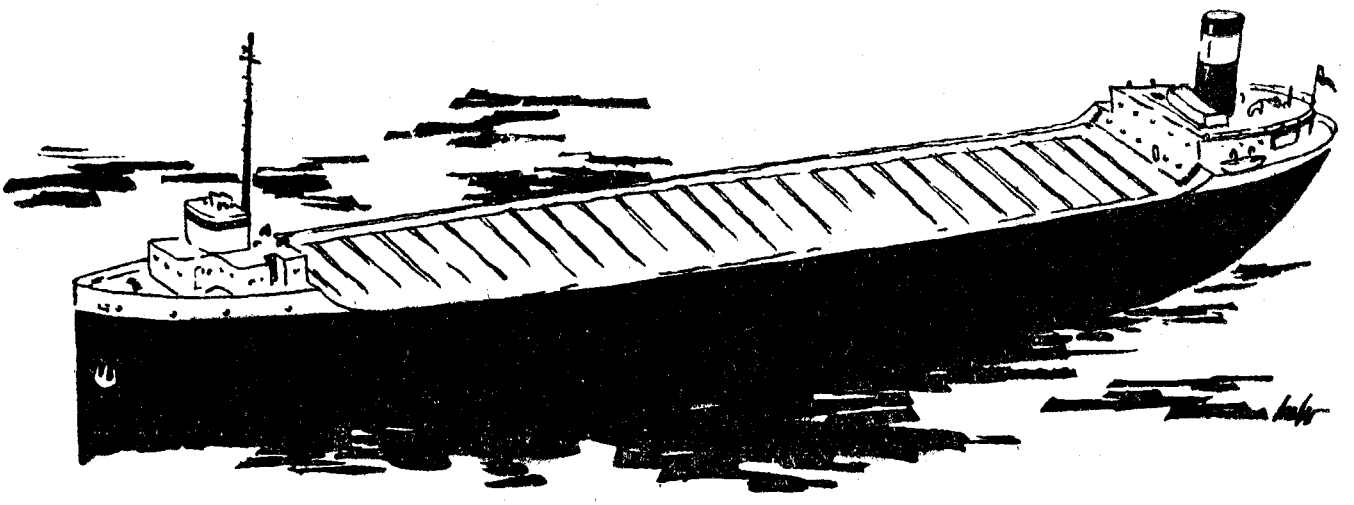

For many reasons, the projected growth rates of 3.5 per cent and 4 per cent for the United States and the Soviet Union seem extremely conservative. In the next thirty-five years nuclear power and automation, teamed with market research, could propel the United States economy ahead faster than any of the current trends suggest. Productivity is increasing annually by more than 3 per cent, and with nearly 2 million workers added to the labor force each year, a growth rate of better than 4 per cent is required simply to hold present levels of employment and take advantage of the new machines and new methods that are waiting to be used. The economy of the United States is at a level that has never before been reached, and at a stage of economic growth that is a new experience in the world. No one knows what it can do, but a growth rate of 4 per cent or 5 per cent over the next thirty-five years is a realistic possibility if that is what we decide we want.

Both countries will need to exercise vigilant control of all the factors contributing to growth and stability if these rates are to be maintained. A high degree of efficiency in producing the right products and in distributing the goods produced is essential just to keep economies as large and complex as these in balance, and to avoid recessions and wasteful interruptions of production.

In 1964, the Soviet Union was starting from a point about equal to that reached in the United States in 1929. Our economy declined from 1929 to 1933, and then, partly because of the new economic measures initiated by the government, and partly in response to the pressures for increased production stimulated by the war, it turned upward again, and achieved rates of growth that averaged more than 4 per cent per year from 1933 to 1964.

Russia is now moving steadily along the same course, with every intention of improving on the American record. It is off to a good start, having avoided a recession that seemed imminent a year or two ago, and having reached employment and income levels that compare favorably with those in the United States in 1929, before the depression. It may well succeed in surpassing our performance, for it has our experience to use as a guide, and it can put to work immediately the machines and techniques that were developed as we moved our economy ahead to new standards of productivity. Some of its industries are already employing automated methods that were unknown in 1929, and it has in being an educational program adequate for training the skilled labor it will need.

The Soviet economy produced four times as much in 1964 as it produced in 1929. Its average annual growth rate of 4 per cent was accomplished in spite of the war. In the early 1930s the Soviet Union had to establish a new industrial economy out of confusion and chaos. There were years of famine as well as years of war. An economic organization had to be created, and illiterate workers and peasants had to be educated and trained for entirely new jobs. Its transportation and communication systems were obsolete and in bad repair, and Soviet management was not only untrained but was often afraid to make any decisions at all.

Today, Russia can point to a record of growth since 1942 that is unmatched in economic history. Its management may still suffer from too much bureaucracy, but it now has the experience and courage it lacked, and it is running a growing industrial economy with confidence and skill. Although it may not be able to regain its unusually high rate of growth since 1942, an average rate of 5 per cent should be a realistic possibility.

It is difficult to predict how these growth rates will affect the economies and the political philosophies of the United States and the Soviet Union, and what arriving at new plateaus of abundance will do to their ambitions and ideas. The steps that each economy will have to take to reach its objectives will determine the changes that will come about in the allocations of resources by industries, the quantities and kinds of consumer goods that will be produced and distributed, and the relative living standards of different segments of the population that in turn will be reflected in their political and social theories.

If we in the United States want our economy to grow faster than 3.5 per cent per year, it is likely that we shall have to make some changes in the way we use our economic resources. It seems obvious that we have almost everything we need to increase our GNP by more than 5 per cent per year. We have the necessary resources of materials and skilled labor. We have the ability to step up the pace at which we are automating production, and we know what new factories and services could make efficient use of the workers that automation would make available. We know how to attack and solve every production problem, how to build larger and more efficient units in every in-

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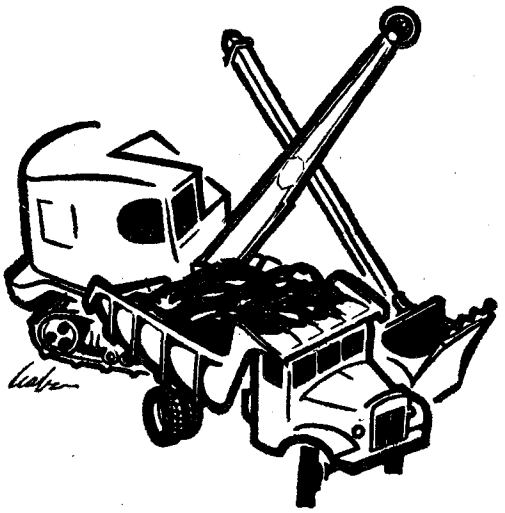

dustry, how to speed up and improve the efficiency of every production operation. We know how to produce.

What we don't know so well is *what* to produce. To achieve our maximum potential growth rate we shall need to know a year or two ahead of time what goods we can plan to sell at a profit in an economy that will be using all of its resources, including all of its labor force, with the most efficient machines and methods to obtain the greatest possible production.

Assuming that the GNP could be 12 per cent larger in two years, how should that additional production of goods and services be divided by industries and by products? What assortment of the GNP would be required to satisfy the needs that will exist in order of their urgency? What goods could be marketed most efficiently and profitably?

To answer these questions, better and more accurate research techniques are being invented every year, and are being tested and perfected in practical situations. The time will come, perhaps within the next thirty-five years, when continuous market research will determine with strategically located meters, counters, tapes and viewers exactly what consumers think of every product that is being produced. Like a daily census, the facts will be made known to everyone concerned. The most suitable advertising appeals and the most efficient media will be selected automatically by consumer motivation studies keyed electronically to the research dials. As marketing problems are discovered, the memory of computers will be appealed to for their most effective and economical solutions.

The trend to computers is already well under way in both the United States and the USSR. The collecting and communicating of more and more facts about what will be needed and how it can be produced and distributed will make a continuously larger contribution to the lowering of costs, and elimination of wasteful operations. Not only will fewer bankers be needed to determine how our resources should be allocated by industries and by individual enterprises, but fewer advertising experts will be required to find markets for what those enterprises produce. Advertising experts are those who can guess most successfully what is wanted and will be consumed at a profit if its availability is publicized. When it is no longer necessary to guess, less advertising will be needed, and undoubtedly standard procedures will be instituted for creating what is required.

As research provides more information, planning will improve in the United States as well as in Soviet Russia. Individual plans for separate enterprises in the United States will surely be related to all the information available concerning the opportunities for growth and profits in each industry, taken as a whole, and to the total needs of the economy. With an abundance of cold facts confronting every marketing director, plans will tend to be more practical and realistic, and as planning becomes more efficient the risks associated with private enterprise will largely disappear.

With automated production, mechanized marketing, punch-card finance and electronic administration, the economy will function like a mathematical formula, adjusting continuously to the incoming information concerning needs and wants, production techniques, hungry children in Africa, war threats in South America, new inventions in Russia, schools and roads, manpower and capital resources, birth rates and depreciation. And if all of this automation is keyed to the goal of maximum production, it seems likely that any economy with the same goal will eventually be automated in precisely the same way. Although the Soviet economy may be lagging thirty-five years behind that of the United States, there are many indications that it is gradually making use of all our techniques, and is moving toward the same kind of automated efficiency.

In the Soviet Union, the mechanizing of production has first priority. There are many industries still to rebuild, and many operations still to be improved, but already evident is the need for more efficient distribution, and even for advertising to tell consumers what goods are available. As the Soviet economy continues to grow, it is clear that, in addition to using the same machines and the same methods in its factories, it will need the same computers for measuring efficiency and the same tools for evaluating consumer markets that are being perfected in the United States.

Soviet planning, though centralized, is finding that it must take into account all of the information about individual enterprises that is needed for efficient planning in the United States. As both economies become more and more efficient and relatively scientific, they also become more and more alike.

The way to peace is through economic security. To have a peaceful world, we must eliminate the causes for war, and most causes are economic, although they may be framed in political and philosophical language. In fact, philosophical and political differences are nearly always rooted in economics. If this sounds like dialectical materialism, it isn't. Many values are not materialistic, and perhaps they are the most important values. But the bogy of Marxism should not prevent us from weighing realistically the economic reasons for our ideological disagreements.

In the past, someone could always hope to gain power or wealth in a war, but in a nuclear war no individual can count on winning, and the possibility that any state could obtain a meaningful advantage is more and more remote. Consequently, the people who want wars and who make wars have largely lost their personal motivations.

As the United States and the USSR continue their growth

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toward trillion-dollar levels of production, the chance that they will attack each other with nuclear weapons continues to diminish. Even now they both have too much to lose and very little to gain.

The Soviet Union, in particular, is pointedly aware of having everything to lose. The Soviet people have been paid, in consumer goods, for only about half their hours of work since 1929, and if they have to continue investing a large share of their labor in building new productive units, they will become increasingly reluctant to hazard all that they have accomplished in a nuclear war.

By 1999, with poverty abolished, employment assured, and comfortable living standards taken for granted in both economies, it is likely that the pressures for peace will be more than adequate to overwhelm any war schemes that may be invented by men seeking power at any price or that may be generated out of reckless adherence to worn-out political theories.

Whether the United States with the aid of the Soviet Union and the other equally healthy economies of the world, including Europe, the British Commonwealth and Japan, will be strong enough to maintain peace throughout the world is less certain. However, if nuclear war can be avoided for the rest of the century, all of us will have the same selfish economic reasons for insuring a peace that is essential to our survival. By the year 2000, even China will have considerably more to lose than to gain from a war. If China has by then reached the economic levels of Russia in 1964, which seems likely, it is very possible that the world will have passed through the time when there was the greatest danger of a nuclear war, and will finally have found the road to a continuously more abundant peace.

DOORBELLS

THE POLITICS OF ACTIVISM

WILLIAM MEYERS
Mr. Meyers is a New York attorney and businessman.

The political activist, spurred by moral principle, has little enough in common with the professional politician, who is moved primarily by the logistics of politics. And yet, unless the activist is willing to learn what any ward leader can teach him in a few easy lessons, social theory will not be translated into political reality.

Last Thanksgiving, following the peace demonstration in Washington, several peace activists on the North Shore of Long Island gave a party to honor those who did the major work on arrangements for the demonstration. And of course we were there to congratulate ourselves for being part of a gigantic witnessing action. Nevertheless, in spite of our free-flowing spirits (both kinds), we all had doubts as to the effectiveness of our actions. Had our demonstrating really brought peace any nearer; had any of the other steps we had conceived thus far been useful?

An idea began to take shape. Perhaps a demonstration is too diffuse an action to affect the Administration. How does it strike our Congressman? Could we find a better way to influence him? Why should the Congressional district not be a focal point of activity to help convince him—as well as potential candidates for his job—that the peace sentiment (anti-Administration variety, of course) is the majority opinion of his constituents? So, after much backing and filling, we agreed that the logistical unit of the Congressional district should be our arena. Each of us agreed to be responsible for calling to a meeting the leaders of the various peace movements in our district, the clergy of the community, Democratic and Republican Party members who had spoken up for peace, and all other individuals who would recognize the urgency of that course and be willing to work for it.

Our first meeting was hardly a model of organization. As temporary chairman, I found myself with no guidelines on which to hang an agenda. We had come together to do something "political," but exactly what did that mean? Still, we could see that we had something new here—after all, this was the first time in our district that the leaders of SANE, Women Strike for Peace and the Long Island Committee to End the War in Vietnam had met with heads of social-action groups in temples and churches and with civic leaders, both Democratic and Republican, who stood for peace.

Then something happened. Out of someone's pocket came a statement made by David MacReynolds of the War Resisters League. MacReynolds pointed out that the peace activist had reached the end of the line. His demonstrations and other activities were leading nowhere. Unless he started ringing his neighbor's doorbell, he might just as well give up. It took a few minutes for this startlingly new but old revelation to sink in. Who is our neighbor? Is he as worried as we are about the war? Does he have a draft-age son? Is he too exhausted, too busy, too unenlightened, too something else to become an activist in the peace movement? Is he waiting for someone to stir him? Does he vote? If so, does he understand the effect of his vote in the district? How many other neighbors are there in the district like him? How dare we then *not* talk to our neighbor? Our committee was born.

Other questions came thick and fast. First, what do you say when someone answers the doorbell? Do you carry literature? Do you ask for something specific to be done? What about a petition? We realized we would do better to turn the tactical questions over to a subcommittee. Then someone offered another good idea. Since clergymen all over the country, and in our district as well, were moving toward activism, why not get them together—perhaps in a joint meeting with our Congressman? Another committee was set up to pursue that idea. Still other subcommittees were set up: one to prepare a general statement of policy for

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the new organization, another to find a good name and work out our organizational development.

We did not have to wait for a second meeting for things to start happening. Our Congressman, Lester L. Wolff, had just returned from Vietnam with a generally pro-Administration outlook. He had beaten a Goldwater Republican by a narrow margin in the previous election, and neither he nor the regular party leaders wanted to jeopardize his future chances by taking a stand that would prove unpopular with any sizable fraction of the constituency. In public meetings, Mr. Wolff voiced cautious approval for present policy, tempered by an awareness of the strong dissent felt by some members of the audience. In opposition to his party's notion that Mr. Wolff be allowed to coast under the Johnsonian coattails this fall, our temporary chairman was authorized to state that the committee would work to support whatever candidate showed the deepest concern for ways to peace. The issue was joined.

More than forty people showed up for our second meeting early in January. We took a name (Citizens Committee for Peace of the Third Congressional District of New York), elected officers and acted on committee reports. We accepted a petition that was to be presented by the doorbell ringers. A statement of purpose centering on an appeal to all those who "seek to translate into citizenship education and meaningful activity their dedication to the ideal of world peace" was submitted and accepted.

The subcommittee working with the clergy obtained a declaration signed by sixty religious leaders. It quoted from Pope Paul VI, the National Council of Churches and the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, and was used as the basis for a meeting between Mr. Wolff and the clergy. At the same time, a phone campaign succeeded in getting 200 people to send telegrams to Mr. Wolff, urging him not to vote for the supplementary appropriation to carry on the war. He did vote for the appropriation, with the disclaimer that such a vote should not be construed as a mandate to escalate the war. He also joined with seventy-five other Congressmen in asking for no further escalation of the conflict.

Our Congressman—like most Congressmen—is concerned about re-election. Although he believes that to some extent our committee is hurting his chances, we believe the reverse is true. Our job is to get out the voters for peace, and we think them to be in the majority. If our voters are for coalition with the Vietcong in a future Vietnamese government, and if our Congressman expresses public agreement with that idea, then he must win the election, since the war has been made an issue in our district. If our voters know his opponent's hawklike views on the war, our Congressman will win.

A more difficult job for the committee is to decide what to do about a peace candidate who has stated his intention of running in the Liberal Party primary. At the present writing, most of us believe that our bell ringers should try to reach thousands of voters before we do more than publicize all the candidates' positions on peace without endorsing any. Otherwise, the danger is great that our ability to apply pressure would be limited because we supported a candidate whose strength lay in one issue alone—even when it was an issue as important as peace. The experience of Ronnie Dugger, who withdrew from the Texas Senate race rather than risk election of a Goldwater Republican, has been cited as an example for our committee to consider. Some of us have even felt that pushing a peace candidate was a way of "copping out" because in our district he has no chance of winning. Of course, where a "good" candidate or incumbent is likely to win anyhow, a primary fight involving a better candidate may very well be in order. In any case, we cannot be subject to hard and fast rules because our situation changes constantly: as the nature of the war in Vietnam changes, as our country changes, as world opinion changes, as our newspapers change (even Long Island's daily, *Newsday,* is changing for the better), as our Congressman changes and as our own techniques change.

What happens next? The fact that doorbell ringing is the crucial job may not be enough to keep our activists working. People must learn how exciting it can be, although it is time and effort consuming. My wife and I found ourselves in home after home on our first tour of bell ringing, certain that we should be spending all our time on this activity alone. These were all worried, frightened people eager to do something to help correct the situation in Vietnam. More then half signed the petition. I am sure we made an impact on all of them. We were moved by our experience.

We have not confined ourselves to bell ringing alone. For example, we have our own 4-page newspaper, *Peace Bulletin,* which carries district news on peace matters together with information on the current positions of our Congressional candidates. We praise our Congressman when he stands for inclusion of the Vietcong in negotiations, we publicize the fact that his opponent calls for the bombing of Haiphong; we encourage both to take a better position on China. The bulletin goes out to all who have signed the

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voters' petitions, all the peace workers, and to all others who want to be on our mailing list.

Other activities include a survey by a college within our district similar to the survey made by Stanford University. We've added a new category; we shall try to determine the extent to which Republicans who switched to Johnson are reswitching because of his Vietnamese policy. We have held many meetings, one of the latest being an evening when more than 250 people jammed a local meeting room to hear a member of the Lawyers Committee on American Policy Toward Vietnam and two ministers speak on "Is there an alternative to Administration policy in Vietnam?" We have tried to involve all the available talent. Although there are always those who seem to look for the first opportunity to become disenchanted, we have grown enormously; at this time, there are more than 100 bell ringers in our district, along with other workers on other projects.

After the first giant step was made, it seemed that it should be easy to pass on the idea of a citizens' (or voters') committee to our neighboring Congressional district, and it was. The 5th became activated because a minister there had seen our petition and suggested the formation of a similar committee. As is the case with all good ideas, they borrowed some and improved on others. We in the 3rd changed our petition because the 5th included endorsements of ministers on theirs; it is certainly a great way of encouraging the timid. Since the 4th district is sandwiched in between the 3rd and 5th, it was organized in short order. Incidentally, this district sent a Republican to Congress in the last election. The 1st and 2nd districts had their first organization meeting in the middle of April. Exchange of ideas is taking place across all districts. We have learned many things from these exchanges. For example, we find that Negro communities which never were involved openly in the civil rights or other social movements are joining us in our work, perhaps because of the unequal burden they are carrying in this war. And miracle of miracles, males, who have not been doing much of anything in the way of liberal causes for perhaps twenty years, are at least equal in numbers in our committee to those of the more militant sex.

Those of us who are participants believe that what has been done in these five Congressional districts, with a combined population of more than 2 million, can be done around the country. Each of our Nassau and Suffolk County districts is different from the others, yet many of our problems are the same. Surely out of the hundreds of thousands of voters who know that our foreign policy has gone wrong, out of the tens of thousands of clergy, educators, lawyers and others concerned, out of the thousands of peace activists, there must be in each of the remaining 430 districts of the country that handful of people who will call the first meeting of a Voters' Committee for Peace and begin the work of doorbell ringing that will translate into action our goal of awakening the conscience of America.

FESTIVITY AND RITUAL

REFLECTIONS ON TRUE THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

There are numerous and complex obstacles to the establishment of true Theatres among us. I do not say repertory theatres because, while I believe the repertory procedure to be the most conducive to rich results, it is by no means essential to the running of a significant theatre organization. The Group Theatre was such an organization but did not function on a repertory basis. What it had, and what counts in this regard was a permanent company of actors and directors with a consistent artistic policy.

I cannot be sure that the terms I have just used, though commonplace, are clearly understood by many who engage in theatre discussion. What, for example, do the words "true Theatre" connote? To define and illustrate them I feel obliged to revert to "ancient history" and first principles.

When the first directorate of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, Robert Whitehead and Elia Kazan, were dropped or resigned after less than two seasons of activity, the press was packed with surmises and interpretations. Among these the most plausible was the dire failure of *The Changeling* coming on top of the poor impression made by O'Neill's *Marco Millions* and S.N. Berhman's *But For Whom Charlie.*

But it is true that while Arthur Miller's *After the Fall* and *Incident at Vichy* were not "universally" admired, and while the production of Richard Wilbur's translation of Molière's *Tartuffe* was criticized in some quarters, these three productions attracted and generally interested large audiences. The second season which was to wind up with a new staging of Giraudoux's *The Mad Woman of Chaillot* had to be abandoned, largely because of the organizational upset. Speaking professionally, three hits out of six offerings constitute a favorable record in any theatre at any time. The management moreover presented its six plays at less than the originally stipulated budget.

Sharper criticisms on another level were made of the theatre's first two seasons. The Whitehead-Kazan program was almost wholly confined to contemporary American plays which might just as well have been done under ordinary Broadway auspices. It is certainly true that the Behrman piece might more advantageously have been staged at a West 45th Street house.

One aspect of this criticism we shall examine further on, for it is a matter of crucial artistic concern. In regard to the main objection to the Lincoln Center Repertory program or policy, it must be remembered that for its opening season at the Vivian Beaumont Theater the management had announced the following plays: The Belgian Michel de Ghelderode's *Pantagleize,* a difficult but brilliantly provoca-

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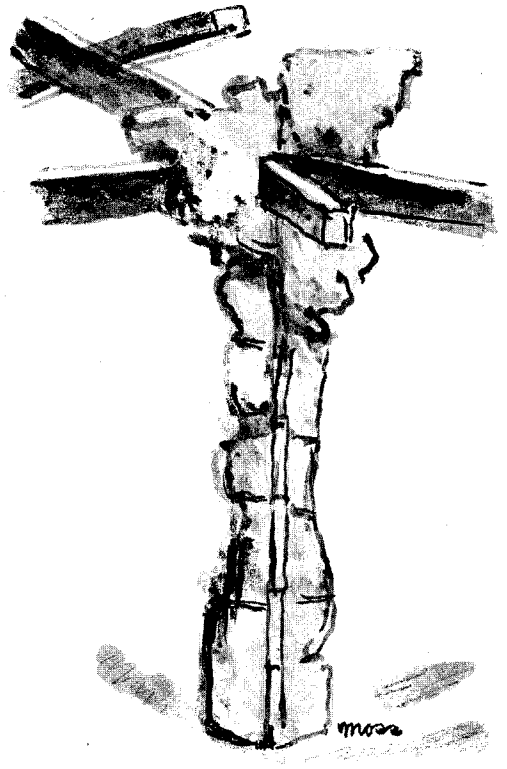

The Caucasian Chalk Circle (set detail)

tive "farce," which though written in 1929 has never been given a full-scale production in New York; Robert Lowell's version of the Aeschylus Oresteia trilogy (commissioned by the management), and Alfred de Musset's *Lorenzaccio* (1834), to be directed by Zefferelli. Negotiations were also under way to produce Brecht's *Galileo* (among Brecht's plays the most relevant to our time), and to have the Russian director Zavadsky stage a Chekhov play.

Another complaint was that Arthur Miller seemed destined to become Lincoln Center's "house playwright." Probably so—and others, it was hoped, would join him in this function. But it should be clear that "house playwrights" are not only desirable but necessary to the maintenance of a permanent organization. Chekhov and Gorky were "house playwrights" to the Moscow Art Theatre. Hauptmann was connected with Otto Brahms's renowned "Free Theatre" in Germany as a sort of "house playwright," and what would the Berliner Ensemble be without its "house playwright," Brecht? The fact that Miller is no Chekhov, Hauptmann or Brecht is entirely beside the point. He is one of our best playwrights. And Miller should be esteemed for his willingness to have his plays produced at a repertory theatre; most playwrights prefer the Broadway gamble. There's more money in it for them—or so they suppose.

Whitehead and Kazan, it was also said, represent "the theatre of the thirties" and what was needed was a "theatre of the sixties." Was Erwin Piscator at the age of 70 simply a man of the twenties when he produced Hochhuth's *The Deputy* and Peter Weiss' *The Investigation* at the Berlin Volksbühne during the past three years? Does production of plays by Buechner, Wycherly and Brecht constitute an example of "the theatre of the sixties"? The use of such glib catchwords, though they often issue from high-brow sources, is actually loose talk.

In a similar vein certain critics argued that Whitehead and Kazan were unfortunate choices in the first place because they were part of our theatrical establishment. Aside from the fact that both men had honorable records, one as a producer and the other as director (Robinson Jeffers, Carson McCullers, Inge, O'Neill, Anouilh, Williams, Miller, T.S. Eliot, Marlowe, Wilder were among the writers they had dealt with), the notion of an "establishment" in our theatre is laughable. There is no such thing—would that there were!

The brute fact is that none of the criticisms—justified or not—leveled at Whitehead and Kazan were the causes for the overthrow of their regime. The board of directors were eager to retain Kazan and Miller on the theatre's roster. Whitehead was the target. And this was due not to any administrative negligence or to such calamities as *The Changeling* about which Whitehead was as unhappy as anyone else, but to the fact that he had literally forced the board's hand in building the ANTA-Washington Square Theatre, an action to which the most powerful member of the board was unalterably opposed. The complaints I have mentioned and perhaps others more valid were merely convenient pretexts.

The appointment of Herbert Blau and Jules Irving as the new artistic directors of the theatre was undoubtedly encouraged by several critics adverse to Whitehead and Kazan from the outset. Though I was appointed "executive consultant" to Whitehead and Kazan after the organization had been more or less set on its course, I too judged the Blau-Irving choice to be sound. I had written a piece in these pages commending what I had seen of their work in San Francisco: a production of *Galileo* and a rehearsal of several scenes of Genet's *The Balcony*. I knew them to be intelligent, informed, intrepid pioneers. Where else in San Francisco could plays by Beckett, Pinter, Brecht, Genet, Shaw, O'Neill be seen in regular succession? I had no reason to expect the equivalent of a first-rate European company, but it wasn't too much to hope for an organization that might convince the skeptical that a repertory theatre would excite our town with a sense of renewed vitality.

There is no doubt that a lively anticipation of such an eventuality exists: witness the large number of subscribers enrolled from the beginning of the Lincoln Center enterprise to the present. But Blau and Irving's first steps at the Vivian Beaumont have been a sore disappointment.

It is plain that while they are hard workers with the best of intentions, good ideas and courage, they are, to say the least, not mature craftsmen, or even particularly endowed with the ability needed to stage the plays that most interest them. It is still more evident that the company they brought with them from San Francisco, while staunchly devoted to their leaders, is ill equipped to satisfy an audience accustomed in New York to seeing the best American and British actors. The original company at the ANTA-Washington Square Theatre, while generally deficient on the distaff side, gave promise in its male contingent of growing into a better ensemble than any which had been presented in the United States for years.

My purpose here is not to blame or praise any individual or company, though I confess myself reluctant to be harsh with any group that comes to us with something

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more than pecuniary ambition or snob appeal. My inquiry aims at facing the fundamental question of how a true Theatre is made, what indeed it is. Unless we learn that, we shall be forever led astray in our efforts to establish one.

A true Theatre, in my understanding of the term, is one that plans for *continuity* along well-defined lines, so that its productions may acquire an identity, a face, a style, a fundamental objective beyond the generalization that it be "good." In the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries such theatres came into being, so to speak, "automatically," due to the homogeneity of the societies that bred them and the limited audiences that attended them. And because of the old tradition such theatres exist alongside a thriving commercial stage in most European countries today.

For example, in the Soviet Union there are many different types of Theatre. Since 1936, the authorities have decreed a more or less totalitarian approach known as "Socialist realism" and every Theatre claims the Stanislavsky system as the basis for its actors' training. Yet the Vachtangov Theatre is not at all like either the Moscow Art or the new Contemporary Theatre. Before 1936, the Soviet Theatre was perhaps the most varied in the world: the productions of Meyerhold, of Tairov, of the Theatre of Satire, the Theatre of the Revolution—not to mention those at the numerous aesthetically independent studios—were distinctly different from one another. The Komische Oper in East Berlin and the Berliner Ensemble are not at all similar in style, and there are several other companies in that area that differ from both.

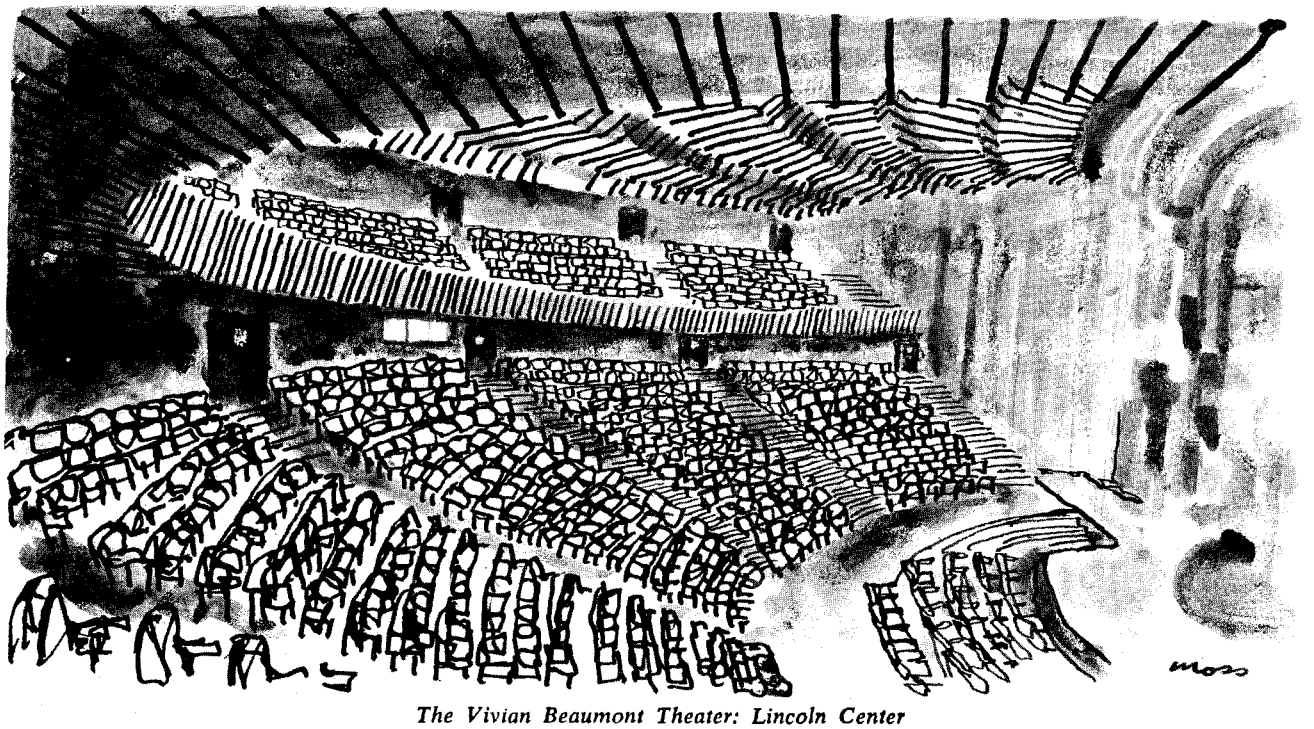
It might be argued that no such Theatres are possible with us because there are no federal or municipal subsidies on the European scale. With us the primary interest concentrates on the construction of new buildings—the edifice complex. True Theatres are not born of preoccupation with real estate. The point of departure must be the desire of actors, directors, dramatists to express something. The impetus arises from the community's need for communication through play.

Blau and Irving's Actors Workshop in San Francisco began that way. It is one reason for the respect in which it was held. In a way, the early Provincetown Players, whose "house playwright" was O'Neill, was also such a group. The same might be said of The Neighborhood Playhouse and The Washington Square Players (1914-17), and even of the Theatre Guild during the twenties. The latter organization devoted itself largely to modern European drama because the production of plays by Tolstoy, Andreyev, and Molnar was still held to be extremely hazardous on Broadway. Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre served for several years the honorable purpose of presenting plays by Chekhov and Ibsen at popular prices.

It is generally agreed that in more recent years the most productive theatrical enterprise was the Group Theatre (1931-41). It was founded by three young people of some theatrical experience who, through a long series of meetings from 1928 to 1931, gathered a group of actors around themselves. Most of these were relative beginners though a few had already proved their mettle. Without reputation, funds or aids from foundations, or subsidy of any kind, these actors and directors endured and progressed by dint of sheer will and awareness of their task.

The long period of preparatory work, as well as the "propaganda" among playwrights, was one of the factors that explains the perseverance of the Group in sustaining the hardships of its career. My chief criticism of the Whitehead-Kazan conduct of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center when I went to work with them was that they had been hasty in the formation and education of their company. (I refer to education for a permanent Theatre.) "In the theatre, as in so many other things, Americans build from the roof," I said, quoting Jacques Copeau.

There may be a certain ambiguity in my statement that a Theatre must be impelled by an idea. If so I can clarify



The Vivian Beaumont Theater: Lincoln Center

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the point by saying that the Group Theatre aimed first of all at establishing a permanent collective of actors, directors and designers who would develop a common technique and thus engender a coherent body to say the things they felt and believed in. As a group they reacted against the fun principles of the twenties, but at the same time they wanted to raise their voices against the despair of the depression. As they abhorred the fecklessness of Broadway show business, so they espoused an active humanism. They were moral enthusiasts.

Their plays were only occasionally topical, but they always sought those relevant to the temper of their generation. All but one play was by a living American. (The only play they failed to raise money for was Chekhov's *Three Sisters*! They presented the first work of several new dramatists—Saroyan among them—and Clifford Odets, *after four years in the ranks* as an actor, emerged to become the representative playwright of the time.

The dissolution of the Group was caused by the fact that no such Theatre can fulfill its purpose if it maintains itself by financing each production separately, as commercial managers do. With the advent of war, a new ideological orientation was required, and in the climate of the time the ground for this was shaky. The end of the war brought a return to "business as usual" in which the cultural atmosphere had altered: the idealistic past was not simply forgotten, it was shunned. We all had to begin from scratch. Today, though there is the will and the possibility of a reformation, our thinking in theatrical matters is more muddled than ever.

It may be wholly fitting for towns like Minneapolis to cultivate a Theatre for plays of classic stature. They have been dismally deprived in this respect. But a true Theatre is not a museum or a library—unless as with the *Comédie Française* its official function is chiefly to serve in these capacities. (The *Comédie Française* has a modern "annex" at the Théâtre de France under Jean-Louis Barrault. The Barrault repertory is largely French; the state also supports the low-priced Théâtre National Populaire where the emphasis is not so predominantly native.) A true Theatre does not simply present plays; it generates them and new concepts for the presentation of old plays. In the main, it does not look backward but forward, not far afield but to its own vicinity.

We in New York can certainly benefit by a theatre for masterpieces of the past—they are impracticable on Broadway unless they are "Burtonized." Such a theatre might furnish us with a beacon to light our way: to provide us with solid standards. But for a truly live theatre we must have something else. The English stage did not quicken with strength in recent years through the Old Vic and the house at Stratford upon Avon which had been established long before the war. New action and interest were aroused with the formation of the Royal Court Theatre and the discovery in 1956 of its "house playwright," one of the company's actors, John Osborne. The Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych in London added power to the new wave (here Harold Pinter has become increasingly present), while the British National Theatre attempts to synthesize various theatrical trends by alternating productions of Shakespeare, Congreve, Chekhov, Ibsen, Pinero and early Noel Coward, with plays by Brecht, Beckett, John Arden and other important contemporaries.

There is a kind of criticism that sneers at dramatists whose work does not carry a seal guaranteeing enduring eminence. (This is coterie criticism of which the aesthetic principle is that the more savage the sneer the loftier the critical posture. Such critics behave as if they were the annointed of the Muses, but they are more frequently literary gangsters hungry for power.) This is the antithesis of the creative attitude. John Osborne's eventual status in literary history is far less important to a functioning theatre than his value for its audiences now. The fact that Clifford Odets' plays may prove ephemeral did not lessen their cultural value for the time, place and people of their day.

No great Theatre has been a retrospective theatre only, or chiefly a theatre of foreign imports. The Moscow Art Theatre's fame is not based on its productions of Shakespeare, even though one of them was directed by Gordon Craig; the Abbey Theatre is memorable not for championing Ibsen but for providing a platform to Yeats, Lady Gregory, Synge, Lennox Robinson, St. John Ervine. The Theatre of Louis XIV contributed to the enlightenment of nations not by productions of Euripides or Seneca, though they were imitated, but by the plays of the contemporary Corneille, Racine and Molière. (And the German theatre was weakened for a long time by its dependence on these French masters.) Works of the past and those of strange lands may move us deeply and influence us greatly but we do not mature unless we nurture talents born of contact with our own world. Our grandchildren's children will pronounce on the "greatness" of plays written in our day—and perhaps make as many mistakes as we do. Bernard Shaw thought Ben Jonson, John Webster and most other Elizabethans "a crew of insufferable bunglers and dullards."

It may still be possible to make true Theatres within the monumental new edifices. But the boards who pull the wires within them must include a few people not so abysmally ignorant of the arts that they depend on hearsay from fashionable experts.

The public must be taught that theatre is not entertainment as titillation but entertainment (yes!) as the engagement of the heart, mind, soul and senses. The theatre is not a show shop, where luxury commodities are to be sold piece-

Theatre in America

Beginning with next week's issue, *The Nation* will publish over the next several months a series of articles by Julius Novick on professional theatre in America outside New York. The first piece is a general estimate of the kind and quality of the work being done; subsequent articles will deal with the older theatres of Pittsburgh, Cleveland and points south; the Pacific Coast; Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; New England; Minneapolis and the Midwest. Mr. Novick's investigations, undertaken on a grant from the Ford Foundation, included a transcontinental tour and a number of shorter trips.

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meal and haphazardly. As a business it is doomed in our time.

When new theatres are formed their directors must understand that the measure of choice for the repertory cannot be set by an assessment of literary excellence alone. A play is not a document; it is an *address*: the first consideration must be the relevance to the audience for which it is to be performed. It must furthermore be played by actors equipped to do it—by training, feeling, intimate understanding. Chekhov maintained that Russians couldn't do Ibsen properly! The theatre—festivity and ritual—must be a persuasive forum to an audience sought out as its own by those who lead it. One may then organize a theatre of traditional values, a rebellious theatre, a religious theatre, a theatre for farce, musical comedy or tragedy, for realism or poetry, or a composite of some of these, provided there is a central concept to unify the elements into an organic whole. The craftsmanship in each case is to be wrought on the premise of the theatre's purpose. The beginning of such craftsmanship is a secure sense of the desired destination.

LETTERS *(continued from page 570)*

have been a "true polyphony of pain," rather than the dull mutterings by the boys' mothers—carefully set up in type to resemble vers libre. . . .

Mary Mackintosh

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Miss Mackintosh misrepresents the aim of my review: concern for the just determination of guilt is not the same as indifference to the crime.

The reality of suffering is not an either/or dilemma: There is not the pain of Mrs. Sugar as she died, *or else* the pain of the mothers as they live. There is pain.

We disagree on the rights of the Harlem Six; rights to counsel, protection from brutality and a fair trial.

June Meyer

Tibet

Tucson, Ariz.

DEAR SIRS: Marilyn Young, reviewing *The Timely Rain* by Stuart and Roma Gelber [*The Nation,* Mar. 14], reports, without comment but with much implication, that one out of every four males in Tibet were monks, that 700,000 of a population of 1.25 million were "serfs" and that 200 aristocratic families shared power with the clergy and a middle class of 10,000 merchants and shopkeepers and artisans. The most cursory perusal of the literature on Tibet (and at least some of it is not as fuddle-headed as we are led to believe) raises a number of questions that any responsible reviewer might want to ask of the Gelbers. How in the world did 700,000 "serfs" support 550,000 clergy, etc.? That is a ratio of one and one-half "serfs" per non-serf. Tibetan productivity must indeed have been fantastic. In fact, the vast majority of the monks in Tibet were members of the so-called lower classes, and were supported by their own families and returned to their homes at planting and harvest time. . . . And nowhere do we see the reviewer ask exactly what the Gelbers mean when they mention 200 families. How big is a Tibetan "family"? Is it ten, or 100 or 1,000? The merest guess suggests that it is somewhere between the second and third numbers, so that perhaps as many as 100,000 to 200,000 Tibetans in some way were members of the aristocracy—a ratio of participation in the exercise of power to be envied by any of the world's democracies. . . .

One is struck by the childlike faith the Gelbers or the reviewer have in the naïveté of readers when one reads that there are fewer monks in Tibet today because the clergy is no longer an upwardly mobile profession. That is why, perhaps, there are so few Romanoff princes in the Soviet Union, or why so few people are going into the landlord business in China. . . .

It is also inconceivable that the Gelbers or the reviewer could so soft-headedly accept the Chinese claim to sovereignty over Tibet (and it *is* sovereignty, not suzerainty, about which we are talking). The very idea that an empire can legally reclaim any part of its lost domains when it is strong enough to do it must gladden the hearts of imperialists everywhere. . . . Certainly pre-1951 was not a paradise, but it remains to be explained why the Kham tribesmen, who were virtually independent from Lhassa and who were leaders in vigorous demands for reform, rallied to protect the Dalai Lama from the Chinese and remain in a state of rebellion against the reforming liberators. . . . Nor have Mrs. Young or the Gelbers bothered to ask why the Chinese find it necessary to quarter 300,000 troops in a country with a population of a million and a quarter. . . .

James F. Downs, Ph.D.

farewell, alas

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS: In saying "Iran: Goodbye to the Nightingale" [*The Nation,* Apr. 18], your contributor, F. M. Esfandiary has indeed bade farewell not only to his own cultural heritage and literary legacy as an Iranian, but also to the pride of his profession as a writer. He has, in fact, said goodbye to sense and sensibility in brushing aside centuries of Middle Eastern literature with a curt statement that "Arab, Iranian and Turkish literature has been immature and insignificant," and that "Iran, like the rest of the Middle East, has had a handful of gifted poets but never an illustrious literature."

Ignorance is happily blissful to those who have failed to study, much less to understand, what is and what is not "illustrious literature." To your contributor, F. M. Esfandiary, literature seems to consist of explosive writings on "parent-child relations, rivalry among brother and sister, conjugal relations, religion, sex." One is led to suggest that his preoccupation with these themes leaves him far behind the historic and sociological realities that sex does not have that much importance in what he calls the Moslem countries of the Middle East. The great Persian poet, Nezami, and the Arab writer, Imru'l Qais, described and delineated all that centuries ago. Now if your contributing writer is ignorant of all that, is it the fault of the literature of the Middle East? . . .

A. M. Shapurian, Press Counselor
Imperial Embassy of Iran

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I can only repeat what I explained in the article—that because our people are subjected to relentless psychological, economic and political pressures, they lack the self-esteem to face, much less to criticize, their shortcomings. In desperation, they gloat over phantasied glories, exaggerate part accomplishments, glorify "sacred" mediocrities.

Painful as it is, we must try to face our problems realistically.

F. M. Esfandiary

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Gruppe 47 at Princeton

CHRISTIAN MAYER-AMERY
Mr. Amery is a German novelist and journalist who has done postgraduate work in American universities. He is one of the participating members of Gruppe 47.

From April 22 to April 25, the German writers' group called Gruppe 47 existed in Princeton, N.J. As offbeat as this statement sounds, it is more exact than any other which could be made about the group. It does not have an office, it does not have a roster of members, and if a file exists, it is in the head of Hans Werner Richter who alone decides on the invitations. Nevertheless, this loose conglomeration of very individualistic individuals is one of the most efficient units of cultural life in Germany today. It functions, as Hans Magnus Enzensberger has described it, as a "clique," as a batch of people who happen to like one another—and, therefore, are able to be mutually helpful. An organization of that character cannot be surpassed in efficiency.

Gruppe 47 (named after its founding year, 1947) comprises about 80 per cent of the mainstream writers of today's Germany or, better, of German-speaking Central Europe: one of its prize winners, Ilse Aichinger, is Austrian; one, the late Johannes Bobrowski, was a citizen of the German Democratic Republic; and the last one, Peter Bichsel, is a Swiss schoolteacher. Others are Heinrich Böll and Günter Grass, names that do not need an introduction in this country. It is important to state, however, that their broad reputation was enhanced by their receiving the Gruppe 47 prize, regarded as one of the most effective and forming influences in German literary life today.

None of the efforts made by friendly and not so friendly critics to assess the aesthetic or socio-political profile of the group has been very successful. No possible literary "ism" can circumscribe the concerns and methods of the writers and poets gathered each year to listen to the reading of a work in progress (not yet published) and to criticize the passages offered. Much has been said about its tendency to favor a flat, descriptive realism—politically engaged or otherwise—but most of the prize winners are no realists at all. Witness Grass; Ilse Aichinger, a teller of tender and fairy-storylike tales: Bobrowski, a poet of almost mythical bend. It can be said safely that the only uniting bond is political: concern for the democratic potentialities of Germany, and a deep distrust of the forces shaping its present course. But even that concern seems less prevalent when one reviews the critical content of the meetings. Oral criticism emphasizes formal aspects of writing, and there is no doubt that this painstaking effort has rescued postwar German literature from its shoddiness in the forties, and paved the way to the sort of structural excellence that readers and theatregoers all over the free world may now enjoy.

Having been invited rather regularly during the last ten years, I may assume that I am a "group member." I confess that the bonds of companionship this offers have given me a lot of comfort, but I am not blind to the pitfalls which, by necessity, must trap the way through nineteen years of an ever precarious undertaking. In this year 1966, the group's greatest difficulty may well be that it has been a little too successful for its own good.

When Hans Werner Richter and his friends were blocked as political writers by a military government ban of their weekly *Der Ruf*, and commenced their readings in a little house in the Bavarian mountains, nobody expected too much of that group in terms of literary excellence. Today, it seems that many young writers regard the group as an established trade union or peer group controlling their future destiny. During the last three years, one has heard mutterings from the ranks of those 25- to 35-year-olds against the "first row": the august professional critics who occupy privileged seats at meetings and are heard after almost every single reading. In this they seem to concur with the group's severest outside critics.

At the Princeton meeting (which was made possible by the generosity of the German Language Department and the Ford Foundation), this muttering erupted in a desperate and somewhat unorganized frontal assault. Peter Handke, a young and handsome writer from Austria, protested against the whole "trend," called most prose pieces read "flat and descriptive" and the style of the critics "dumb and silly." Probably, he will be the literary Man of the Year because of this refreshing bit of entertainment. (A group of reporters rushed into Sunday evening's little beerfest panting: "Where's Handke?" The man they asked was last year's prize winner, the eminent Swiss stylist Peter Bichsel. He directed them without flinching.) For the sake of German literary discussion, I wish Handke sufficient attention; still it is unfortunate that his own literary performance does not promise to live up to his critical standards.

More interesting was the reaction of the group as a whole. Handke's few arguments were immediately taken up, much more vigorously and trenchantly, by other members, including Grass and — woeful destiny of today's rebels—by one of his chief targets, Hans Maier, professor of German literature first at Leipzig and now at Heidelberg, a critic who can build a little work of art of his own on the most insignificant reading. There, it seems to me, looms the second pitfall the group has to beware of. It is the limitless benevolence of the Almost Great Society, which can be more stifling to an aggressive talent than rejection. However, benevolence to works read is certainly not a characteristic fault of the group; in fact, foreign observers are astounded by the merciless on-the-spot analysis which must be suffered by a defenseless victim (the reader remains in his chair while he is being criticized, but may not answer except in cases of technical questions asked). It is true, however, that criticism is not as savage as it was in the beginning. Part of this change is the direct consequence of the group's work: almost none of the texts offered, particularly in prose, are as bad as some I remember from the middle fifties. A general awareness of craftsmanship pervades today's literary production. This is not typical of German literature in the past and approaches French standards of requirements. The arrival of a genius cannot be expected every year, not even every fifth year, and Grasses are by necessity few and far between. This was not different in the past; the difference lies in the general level of performance, which has certainly improved. To put it in Western terms, German literature is more sophisticated than it ever was.

This sophistication carries with it another possible danger. It is well known that many members of the group are engaged in left-wing activities, the latest example being Peter Weiss and his public embrace of Marxist socialism. More significant even is the record of Günter Grass and his Berlin friends, who did not hesitate to work actively in last year's election campaign for the Social Democrats,

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above all for Willy Brandt. That they had little practical effect is beside the point; Grass' speeches were fine examples of political oratory and could set a standard in any nation. Unfortunately, literary and argumentative sophistication are not the characteristics of the "floating voter." Herr Franz Josef Strauss, who knows better in private, moved a hall full of backwoods listeners to howls of laughter by simply reciting a poem supporting the opposition SPD party, written by Grass. In other words, he can use the deplorable state of literary education in German schools for his purposes. Sophistication, which is the result of nineteen years of critical effort, stands in the way of the effective political engagement earnestly sought by many members of the group.

While it is hated by the Right as a potential power of the Left, the net effect of the group on German literature's reputation abroad is overwhelmingly positive. If tangible proof was necessary, it was and is given by recent readings abroad—in Sweden in 1964, and in Princeton in 1966. German official representatives, aware of the group's domestic record of rebelliousness, do not yet seem to grasp this fully; and I suspect that it is not clear to many members of the group either. Some of them did not attend the Swedish and Princeton meetings; they argue that such visits abroad can result only in strengthening today's German establishment.

While I regard this argument as faulty, East German officialdom is busy compounding it by its refusal to issue travel permits to the GDR members of the group. It did not help their case that they issued a blatantly false statement which tried to shift the blame to alleged delaying tactics of the U. S. State Department. Hans Werner Richter had to set the record straight in some opening remarks to the meeting.

Still, the question remains whether a group of sophisticated writers, dedicated to their work, can influence the political destiny of Germany. By strengthening international bonds; by giving German emigrants (particularly those living in the United States) a personal connection with contemporary German literature; by making known the political integrity of a significant part of the German intelligentsia; by influencing (or, at least, embarrassing) the East German party line on literary policy, something certainly is being achieved. More important, at home, are the influences exerted on the mass media, particularly German radio and TV.

But it is here, more than anywhere else, that sophistication stands in the way of possible effectiveness. We have had many political manifestoes, signed by dozens of top-notch intellectuals in the last few years, from the first threat of German rearmament to the presently planned emergency laws. To an extent, they all share the fate of Grass' poem, read to beer-drinking Bavarians by an unscrupulous politician. We know, too, what our Chancellor thinks about the efforts of our writers to interpret recent history—they were called *Pinschers* (little yapping dogs); and he declared that they ceased to be poets and writers of belles-lettres. (See "Letter from Berlin" by Helga Lohr, *The Nation*, January 10.)

As soon as the German writer oversteps the invisible boundary drawn for him by German middle-class ideology, the boundary of *Innerlichkeit* or soulfulness impracticable in, and inapplicable to, public life, he is bound to run into distrust and aversion. And this is all the more probable if he insists on attacking what is called the "moral foundation" of society. Günter Grass' election effort was largely neutralized by CDU and CSU governing party workers spreading "salacious" quotations from his works, a propaganda trick the more effective because our Social Democrats try so hard to cater to middle-class respectability.

All this hardly affects the group's meetings. There are always a number of silent witnesses present—witnesses of the time when German postwar literature was concerned with immediate realities of guilt and survival, dealing with them in a crude, sparse style called *Kahlschlag*, referring to the denuded landscape left after wholesale timber cutting. These men still make a living in the mass media and the nonfiction market. While their names hardly ever appear in print when the group is mentioned, or as readers at the sessions, Hans Werner Richter keeps inviting them. I never talked to him about it, but I suspect that he has very good reasons for it. Some of them may be inherent in some of the difficulties I tried to describe here.

There was a time also, when the work done by writers of Gruppe 47 was more esoteric than today. A difficult style of poetry, prose and playwriting of the "absurd" was preferred in the middle fifties. Some very good work resulted from this trend, but the spiral seems to have turned once more. With the arrival of Peter Weiss as a storyteller and playwright, of Grass as a poet and novelist, of the new and astringent lyrical style of Hans Magnus Enzensberger, Peter Ruehmkorff and others, some sort of "enriched realism" takes the center of the stage.

It is inevitable that some lesser talents not only are influenced by it but try to change it into a formula—a formula which could convert rather thin strata of experience into something remarkable and sophisticated. It is this trend which has evoked Handke's attack; and perhaps we are in for another turn of the spiral, whether the rebel can achieve it or not.

The meeting at Princeton ended on April 25, with a writers' symposium on the topic of "The Writer in an Affluent Society," a session which I found to be disappointing. Probably, it was nobody's fault—or nobody's in particular. Alexander Hall is not meant for radio and TV; the

KAUNAS 1941

Town,
branches over the river,
copper-coloured, like branching candles.
The banks call from the deep.
Then the lame girl
walked before dusk,
her skirt of darkest red.

And I know the steps,
the slope, this house. There is no
fire. Under this roof
lives the Jewess, lives whispering
in the Jews' silence
— the faces of the daughters
a white water. Noisily
the murderers pass the gate. We walk
softly, in musty air, in the track of wolves.

At evening we looked out
over a stony valley. The hawk
swept round the broad dome.
We saw the old town, house after house
running down to the river.

Will you walk over
the hill? The grey processions
— old men and sometimes boys —
die there. They walk
up the slope ahead of the slavering wolves.

Did my eyes evade you
brother? Sleep struck us
at the bloody wall. So we went on
blind to everything. We looked
like gipsies at the villages
in the oakwood, the summer
snow on the roofs.

I shall walk on the stone banks
under the rainy bushes,
listen in the haze of the plains.
There were swallows upstream
and the woodpigeon called
in the green night:
My dark is already come.

Reprinted from *Shadow Land: selected poems by Johannes Bobrowski.* Translated by Ruth and Matthew Mead. Alan Swallow. 59 pp. $3.50.

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glare was frightful; the loud-speaker system made it impossible to hear what was being said; the panelists, including such distinguished Americans as William Jovanovich, William Meredith, Susan Sontag and Leslie Fiedler, and buttressed from the German side by Grass, Weiss, Marcel Reich Ranicki, Hans Maier, Erich Fried, H. M. Enzensberger and Dr. Walter Hoellerer, offered very good observations which tended to cancel one another out. And the questions from the floor hardly managed to get off the ground. It was here that the positive results of the day became tangible in a feeling of problems shared among writers and writers—problems which surpass the semantic boundary of the term "affluence." There is still too much mental and material misery which demands action, even for those who may sometimes believe that benevolence, the great monster, is starting to swallow us all.

Intellectual Love Affair

ESSAYS ON THOMAS MANN. *By Georg Lukacs. Grosset & Dunlap. 169 pp. $3.95. $1.95 paper.*

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

Mr. Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Conquest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press).*

Georg Lukacs' recently published *Essays on Thomas Mann* contains a collection of pieces which he wrote between the years 1909 and 1955, but mostly in the 1930s and 1940s. The book is fragmentary, and the assembled pieces do not add up to a coherent study. All the more remarkable, therefore, is the consistency of Lukacs' basic interpretation of Mann's work. In his earliest essay, he summed up in a single concluding sentence his impression of *Royal Highness,* Mann's novel which appeared shortly after *Buddenbrooks.* "There is in Mann's writing that now vanishing sense of bourgeois patrician dignity: the dignity which derives from the slow movement of solid wealth."

When Lukacs wrote these words he was, of course, not yet a Marxist. But he set here the tone for many of his later comments. Taking up the theme between the two World Wars, and then again in 1945, he emphasized "the bourgeois ideal as the guiding principle in Mann's life and work." This was, of course, meant as an objective judgment, as classification and assessment, not as denunciation. "Mann's stories," Lukacs says, "never reflect the day-to-day moods of the German middle class," still less its reactionary moods; they mark, on the contrary, the "summit of bourgeois consciousness." Even when Mann is in opposition to the bourgeoisie, "he never parts company with it," and "his influence reposes on this firm social basis." ". . . he symbolizes all that is best in the German bourgeoisie."

Finally, in 1955, Lukacs reiterates: "Mann's originality—his buoyancy, serenity, and humour—springs from a true self-knowledge of the contemporary bourgeoisie."

Unfortunately, this "true self-knowledge" is a rather elusive, quasi-Hegelian concept: it denotes presumably the summit of consciousness to which the German bourgeoisie ought to have risen but did not rise; it expresses an ideal rather than a historic reality, but it presents the ideal as reality. In truth, Mann's attitude to the German bourgeoisie was less idealistic than Lukacs suggests. From *Death in Venice, Buddenbrooks* and *The Magic Mountain,* to his last novels, Mann dealt with the splendors and miseries, the predicaments and the decay of his social class in a spirit of tense love-hate and even of despair, rather than of "buoyancy and serenity." And how indeed could he, while embodying the "conscience" and the "true self-knowledge" of bourgeois Germany, be so "serene"?

But we are dealing here with something like Lukacs' intellectual love affair: he interprets every one of Mann's novels as a stage in the writer's heroic struggle for the soul of his nation or in his "search of bourgeois man" in Germany. ("He seeks the spirit of democracy in the mind of the German bourgeois, tracking down the newest hints and signs in order to awaken and foster them in fictional form.") True, during the First World War Mann exhibited a vulgar militaristic chauvinism and a haughty hostility toward all that the German Left and German democracy had stood for. In a passage not quite free from special pleading, Lukacs speaks of "Mann's paradoxical and near-tragic situation" and adds: "Even the greatest of men need not feel ashamed of having made mistakes . . . especially as in this case they were not subjective and personal, but arose out of Mann's deep involvement with Germany. . . . " Then again, in the early years of the Third Reich, certain ideological ambiguities in Mann's attitude aroused Lukacs' apprehension: he wondered whether Mann's "slow, organic growth" which had already once, in 1914, "landed him in a dangerous situation," might not once again "threaten his development." Did Lukacs fear a temporary conciliation between Mann and the Nazis? If so, the fear was groundless; but its mere possibility points to the ideological complexities in Mann's outlook and his "deep involvement with Germany."

The sincerity and courage of Mann's opposition to the Third Reich were beyond any doubt; and the significance of his attitude was all the greater because of the inner resistances he had to overcome. But the impulse that moved him into opposition and exile was not just "progressive anti-fascism"; it was rather the antagonism of the cultivated patrician bourgeois to the savage plebeians, the *Kleinbürger* and *Lumpenproletarier* who were running amok in the shadow of the swastika. Because of its so strongly defined character, the writer's antagonism to Nazism was "organic" and intense, but also relatively narrow, although he sought to overcome its limitations.

Somehow Lukacs does not come to grips with this problem, perhaps because he does not appraise properly the social background of the Third Reich against which so much of Mann's work has to be set. Considering that most of these essays were written in Russia and Hungary at a time when literary criticism was reduced to the crudest Stalinist clichés, it is remarkable to what extent Lukacs remained true to his discriminating tastes and his academic Hegelianism, with all its good and bad qualities. Even so, he belongs essentially to the Stalin era; and, despite the legend that presents him as the hero of an intellectual resistance to Stalinism, and despite his brushes with the Rakosy regime in his native country, he may be described as the only *Stalinist* literary critic of high stature. To be sure, his philosophical background and aesthetic fastidiousness did not allow him to become totally submerged in the orthodoxy. His case was nevertheless one of genuine surrender to Stalinism, a surrender which was difficult and painful, yet voluntary, and therefore in a sense irrevocable.

This is not only a matter of Lukacs' ritualistic participation in the "personality cult." For example, in 1963 he wrote an introduction to this volume in which he speaks of the traditions of German democracy and socialism: "Since Marx and Engels they had been buried under reactionary falsification. One mark of the poverty of German history common to both bourgeoisie and working class is the fact that Marx and Engels have so far not entered into the national cultural heritage as Lenin and Stalin have in Russia."

Historically this is not quite true: during the half century that lay between Marx's death and Hitler's rise to power, Marxism deeply penetrated into the consciousness

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of the German working class—as deeply at least as Methodism and Fabianism impressed themselves on British labor. With a stroke of his pen Lukacs deletes from history that half century and with it the work of Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Liebknecht, Franz Mehring, not to speak of Kautsky (whose better writings exercised a decisive influence on Lenin), Bebel and others. True enough, since 1933, and then again after 1945, the Marxist tradition was discredited and destroyed in Germany by the efforts of Nazism, social reformism and last but not least, Stalinism. Instead of acknowledging these facts, Lukacs simply opposes to Germany's "historic poverty" the Stalinist contribution to Russia's "national cultural heritage." In his foreword he does not even hesitate to state without qualification that "for over thirty years socialism has existed and grown strong in the Soviet Union."

Lukacs' ideological dependence on Stalinism is deeper than even such declarations suggest. He has been one of the very few theoretically educated adherents of "Socialist realism," perhaps the only important expounder of the "aesthetic ideal" of Zhdanovism. Analyzing Mann's *Doctor Faustus* (in a 1948 essay) he states: "By a remarkable coincidence (if coincidence that be) I had just finished reading *Doctor Faustus,* when the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union published its decree on modern music. In Thomas Mann's novel this decree finds its fullest intellectual and artistic confirmation. . . . " That decree contained the Zhdanovist denunciation of the works of Shostakovich and Khachaturian, the ill-famed signal for a furious witch hunt against the "decadents," "formalists" and "cosmopolitans" in music and the other arts. Lukacs, of course, was not one of the vulgar witch hunters; but he had embraced zealously the principle underlying the witch hunt and elevated it to the level of philosophic-historical theory. Lukacs found the antecedents of Socialist realism in the "critical realism" of the great bourgeois literature and arts of the pre-revolutionary epoch. He undertook his elaborate classification and assessment of the cultural heritage in accordance with this principle: he identified critical realism with progress and rejected any discordant idea and style as reactionary. The exalted place he accords to Mann is that of "the last great representative of critical realism" who "has never been modern in the decadent sense."

How does Lukacs define "critical realism"? Sometimes he interprets it so broadly that the concept becomes useless as a tool of criticism; at other times he interprets it so narrowly that he turns it into lifeless dogma. "Thomas Mann," he remarks, "is a realist whose respect, indeed reverence, for reality is of rare distinction. His detail, still more his plots, his intellectual designs may not stay on the surface of every day life; his form is quite unnaturalistic. Yet the content of his work never finally leaves the real world." This is sheer tautology. Of nearly all the despicable "decadents," from Proust and Joyce to Sartre and even Beckett, it may be said that the "content of their work never *finally* leaves the real world."

Mann himself gives Lukacs some trouble, for his attitude toward the "decadent *avant-garde*" was ambivalent and he claimed affinity with Joyce and the "un-novelistic novel." At this point Lukacs rushes to rescue Mann from Mann himself and explains Mann's rationality and objectivism as setting him apart from the literature of bourgeois decay. Lukacs equates critical realism with rationalism, objectivism and social optimism; he subtly projects the "positive hero" of the Zhdanovist canon into the Western novel and drama. He fails to see that the pessimism and despair of contemporary Western artists may be forms of protest against our social order and the disarray of our civilization, and that much of the irrationalism of modern writers and painters expresses a distrust of the banal and complacent "reason" of the bourgeois Establishment. Even the decadents' "sense of doom" reflects in some measure the destructive global stalemate between revolution and counterrevolution (or between degenerate possessing classes and politically paralyzed working classes), a stalemate affecting the whole spiritual climate of our time. How can Marxists expect of art and literature a moral break of the historic deadlock that politics has so far failed to break practically?

The antithesis of self-confident rationalism and irrationalist pessimism is, of course, deeply rooted in bourgeois ideology. In Victorian England Macaulay and Carlyle embodied the contradiction. Marxism, at its best, has not identified itself with one of these elements and rejected the other, but has absorbed what was vital in each of them and transcended them both. Marx and Engels themselves had just a little more tenderness for Carlyle's "rebellion against reason," despite its dark implications, than they had for Macaulay's brilliantly superficial optimism.

Lukacs' predilections go the other way. He argues primarily from his German background and sees the ideological sources of Nazism in Schopenhauer's, Wagner's and Nietzsche's *Zerstörung der Vernunft,* even though he senses at times that he may be doing Nazism a quite undeserved honor by attributing to it such ancestry. Actually, Nazism, insofar as it appropriated any philosophical tradition of the "rebellion against reason,"

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only parodied it in the most repulsive manner, just as, on a different level, it caught the anti-capitalist emotions of the ruined middle classes of the 1930s only to exploit them and deceive them. It appropriated even the name and the symbols of socialism; it called itself *Arbeiterpartei*; and in this way it harnessed to its counterrevolutionary cause many immaturely revolutionary moods floating about in German society. Indeed, it derived an immense dynamic momentum from its identification with every kind of rebellion against the bankrupt "reason" of the capitalist Establishment. It managed to do so because the parties of the working class failed politically and spiritually to make a common stand against it. In any case, the task of Marxists was not to invoke against Nazism the "reason," "the patrician dignity" and the respectable traditions of the bourgeoisie; still less was it to denounce all the immature and irrational forms of rebellion. Marxism could prevail, if at all, only by restating convincingly its own program and principles and demonstrating their relevance to the terrible crisis of those years. Yet Lukacs' literary critical work consisted precisely in invoking against Nazism the rationalism and the respectability of the bourgeois tradition. His approach reflects the failure of his party to see its task and even to grasp its error after the event.

The corollary to this is Lukacs' essentially conservative aesthetics. "It is characteristic," says Lukacs, "of both Goethe and Mann that though they never ignore new literary trends, they greet them with reserve." This is certainly more characteristic of Lukacs than either of Goethe or of Mann. Goethe was himself a great innovator; and even in his old age he greeted, without reserve, Byron's poetry, the boldest innovation of European romanticism. And we know of Mann's foible for Joyce. Lukacs' own reserve toward "innovation" touches the absurd when he approaches modern psychology and voices his violent and ill-informed prejudice against Freud. Psychoanalysis is to him still one of the repugant excesses of reactionary irrationalism. "Just as Nietzsche and Spengler so Freud and Heidegger . . . are the veriest signposts of the intellectual disasters of the imperialist period. . . ."

He even manages to put Freud and the Nazis into one and the same ideological bag. Here again he is in trouble with Mann who was Freud's devoted admirer; but he tries to get out of the difficulty by dismissing Mann's famous *Festrede* on Freud as the aberration of an "idea spinning essayist." Inevitably, he treats all artistic repercussions of psychoanalysis as worthless and culturally harmful. Here the conservatism of the pre-Freudian academic philosopher blends with plain Zhdanovist incomprehension.

In surrendering to Stalinism however, Lukacs did not adapt himself to all its aspects with equal ease. The crudities and cruelties of the "personality cult" must have made him shudder more than once. He was certainly disturbed by the ultra-Left zigzags of Stalinism, even while he was following them obediently. But he identified himself wholeheartedly with the "moderate" and rightist aspects of Stalinism, in particular with the Popular Fronts of the 1930s and their prolongations in the 1940s. It is no matter of chance that most of his literary-critical *oeuvre* dates from these two periods. He elevated the Popular Front from the level of tactics to that of ideology: he projected its principle into philosophy, literary history and aesthetic criticism. It will be remembered that the Popular Front was Stalinism's reaction against its own ultra-Left follies, through which it had smoothed Hitler's road to power. Stalinism then sought to insure itself against the consequences of that disaster by means of an appeal to the "anti-Fascist conscience" of the Western bourgeoisie, for the sake of which it abandoned, and indeed, banned, all forms of revolutionary-proletarian and Socialist-oriented action.

Stalin resumed this line after Hitler's attack on the USSR and persisted in it in the early aftermath of the war when he still hoped to keep up the Grand Alliance. In all these situations the Communist parties outside the USSR worked to overcome the bourgeoisie's distrust of Russia and fear of communism; and so they played down or even denied their revolutionary Marxist commitments and upheld (and where necessary helped to restore) the regimes (and ideologies) of bourgeois democracy. Since Nazism had aroused the lower middle classes against the traditional ruling groups, Stalinism aligned itself, wherever possible, with the latter and helped to maintain their sway over the popular masses.

For the intelligentsia which followed the Communist parties this entailed certain historical-philosophical reorientations and a break with many habits of thought. Leftist academicians, writers and artists were persuaded that they ought not to "reject" patriotic fetishes any longer; that they must not indulge in militant anti-clericalism; and that they should not show too marked a preference for the revolutionary-plebeian, as opposed to the "aristocratic" strands in their cultural heritage. Communists learned to behave as good patriots; to "stretch out a hand" to their erstwhile clericalist enemies; and to treat with discreet or unashamed flattery the conventional cultural values of the bourgeoisie.

Lukacs' work is the great, refined masterpiece of that flattery. His writings on Mann are a *pendant* to the Stalinist "struggle for allies." It was Lukacs' assignment, as it were, to establish a common ideological front with those "intellectual forces" of whom Mann could be regarded as spokesman—Mann, the only great, truly patrician, and truly German anti-Nazi writer in exile, the only one whom the Wilhelmine and Weimar Establishments had accepted and honored for many years. The premise for such a common front was a "liberal" appraisal of Mann's work, an appraisal in which the edges of Marxist criticism were blunted.

This is not to suggest that Marxists should not have been or should not be concerned with the struggle for allies or that they should not be intensely preoccupied with the problem of the cultural heritage. The point is that Stalinism abused

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THE NIGHT WATCH

Outdoors, like a false morning,
Fog washes the pine trees. It
Shoulders against the windows,

Spreading across their surface
On its way upward. In this
Moment between sleep and thought,

This holding back, I can hear
The fog start to rise, the slow
Memory of an ocean,

And I, like a ship, begin
To stir, to lurch in its swell,
And to move outward, beyond

The steel jetty, the lighthouse,
The red-flagged channel buoys,
— Beyond, at last, sleep even —

Into a deeper water,
Pale, oracular, its waves
Motionless, seagulls absent.

CHARLES WRIGHT

these concerns and preoccupations for its shallow and opportunistic tactical games. The Stalinized parties conducted their search for allies so unscrupulously and perversely that they lost themselves in the process, i.e., they lost sight of the interests and aspirations of the working classes. Their much advertised anxiety over the cultural heritage provided them with excuses for startling displays of philosophic and artistic philistinism.

This was the context in which Lukacs aired his prejudice against "artistic innovation." This accounts, *inter alia,* for the fact that while he was eulogizing Mann's alleged "search of the bourgeois man" and artistic traditionalism, Lukacs had nothing to say about Bertold Brecht, the other great anti-Nazi writer who was, however, in a sense Mann's antipode. Brecht's utter irreverence for the "bourgeois man," his provocatively plebeian sympathies, and his extreme artistic unconventionality—so many dialectical counterpoints to Mann's outlook—implicitly conflicted with the mood of the Popular Front and were alien to Lukacs. His silence about Brecht is thus an unwitting commentary on his own shortcoming as a critic.

This is not to deny Lukacs' better qualities, for even when he speaks from a notoriously Stalinist standpoint, he still does it with the erudite sophistication which is able to present the most ludicrous superstition and the most rigid dogma as a rational, or at least a debatable, idea. He moves with apparent freedom and ease and "dignity" within the confines of the most constricting orthodoxy; and so he even manages to loosen its constraints. Hence the fascination—but also the deceptiveness—of his argument and style, especially for some people of the New Left. Lukacs' role in Budapest during the events of 1956 has done something to surround him with a halo; and people recall vaguely that even several decades earlier the Comintern had frowned on his *Geschichte und Klassenbewusstsein.* In an upsurge of sympathy for him one is apt to forget his Stalinist record and the ambiguities of his behavior in the critical events of 1956. This is unfortunately one of those cases when a *cultus* is established without sufficient prior examination of the virtues, the martyrdom and the miracles attributed to the Venerable or Blessed Person. The record of this particular claimant deserves serious attention, perhaps even respect; but an *advocatus diaboli* has still to throw full light on its seamy side.

Critic on a Razor Edge

THE GERMAN TRADITION IN LITERATURE 1871-1945. *By Ronald Gray. Cambridge University Press. 384 pp. $11.50.*

RONALD HAUSER

Mr. Hauser teaches German literature at the University of Massachusetts. He is completing a book, Georg Büchner, *to appear in Twayne's World Author Series.*

The writer's special obligation to act as the guardian of public morality is basic to the thesis of Ronald Gray's latest book, *The German Tradition in Literature 1871-1945.* For it is Mr. Gray's contention that the most influential German writers of the 19th and 20th centuries were, in effect, upholders of a tradition which led to the moral bankruptcy of 1933.

That the German tradition did lead to disaster is historical fact; hence the tradition as a whole stands indicted by history. It would seem, therefore, to be the literary critic's obligation to weigh the constructive against the destructive elements, and to show how the latter had the greater impact upon the generation which manned Hitler's armies and death camps. Such a judicial approach, difficult as it might be, would have the considerable advantage of influencing some of those whom Gray would most like to influence: the new generation of German intellectuals. But Gray appears, instead, in the role of prosecutor, hoping to prove the guilt of German writers from Goethe to Mann.

Gray does not comb through German literature in an attempt to find ideas which might have been useful to the Nazis. He aims for a much higher level of criticism by trying to define a *Weltanschauung* which, on one hand, encouraged the development of such ideas and, on the other hand, created a climate wherein inconsistency and paradox became the accepted standard. National Socialism—and Gray does not overlook the dichotomy of the term—was made possible by 150 years of conditioning the German mind to accept the false fusion of opposites.

This is the charge which emerges from the introduction of the book. While admitting that the idea of duality, or polarity or dichotomy—terms hardly differentiated in the text—ultimately come from non-German sources, Gray sees in it a German preoccupation. There can be no doubt that polarity was one of the most important aspects of Goethe's *Weltanschauung,* but it is not, as Gray seems to suggest, a purely philosophical abstraction but is directly related to the duality which Goethe felt within himself. The attempted reconciliation of opposing tendencies was a matter of the most vital personal con-

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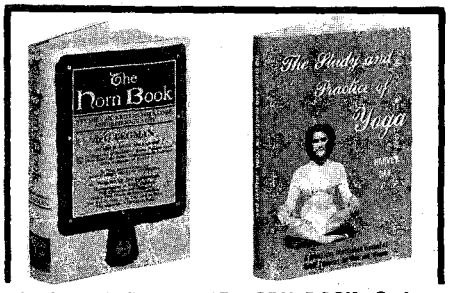

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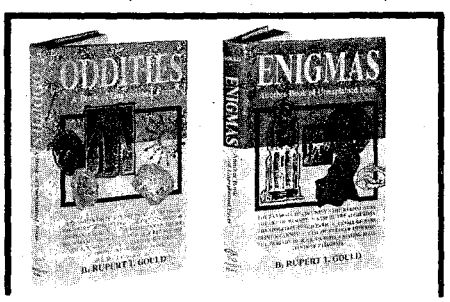

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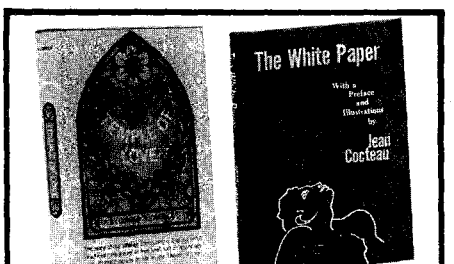

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cern to Goethe who, as a young man, had been brought to the threshold of suicide by his inner conflicts. True to his chosen role, Gray does not elucidate Goethe's "notion of polarity," but obscures and ridicules it, by quoting a particular example from Goethe's color theories which appears absurd in the light of modern knowledge.

Any number of other examples might have indicated a strong relationship between the idea of polarity and reality, but Gray prefers to show it as an abstract notion which, in the years after Goethe, rooted itself ever deeper in German thought and poetry. Schiller, Hegel, the Romanticists, Kleist, Schopenhauer, Hebbel, Wagner, Marx, Nietzsche—all were intoxicated by this notion. Entering the period of his primary concern, 1871-1945, Gray finds it the dominant method of thought in literature. Only a few writers are exempted from complicity. Foremost among these is Kafka, whose works were "uncorrupted by willing self-contradiction," while Hugo von Hofmannsthal is exonerated to some degree for at least attempting to place things in their proper perspective in his comedy, *Der Schwierige*.

There is no question but that "willing self-contradiction" is a most important, perhaps even the most important aspect of modern German literature. But Gray apparently sees his duty as one of discrediting the "philosophy of polarity," and this repeatedly leads him to distortions. The charge of "insane and brutal nationalism," leveled against Heinrich von Kleist, will not ring true to those who know his works. Nor is the characterization of Friedrich Hebbel's *Agnes Bernauer* as "a play in defense of the tragic necessity to destroy subjects of the State, however morally innocent, who cause trouble" a fair representation, since Hebbel took great pains to show that the "trouble" threatens the state with destruction. In the light of more recent history, the idea of such a drama might still seem noxious (after all, the Nazis also took pains to show that the Jews threatened the state with destruction), but Hebbel's *individual-state* polarity leads to a recognition which is no less true than it is tragic. No matter what the political ideology might be, a state which would not sacrifice an individual in order to save itself and its population from destruction is inconceivable. This is certainly not a pleasant fact, but a fact nonetheless, and the method by which Hebbel demonstrates it can hardly be invalidated on the basis of the result. It is fairly safe to assume that if Hebbel had indeed come to the conclusion that the state must eliminate people who merely "cause trouble," he would have had considerable difficulty in finding a public sympathetic to this idea in the 19th century.

The author, by using such distortions (and there are others), seems to want to stretch his point beyond its validity. While his argument that the "philosophy of polarity" is highly susceptible to perversion is convincing, he would like to move as far as possible toward the idea that this philosophical system itself is a misrepresentation of reality. The result of this attempt is to cloud the real and valid point.

The second and third parts of the book show the consequences of such clouding. Here Thomas Mann and Rainer Maria Rilke, Germany's most influential novelist and its most popular lyric poet of the 20th century, are re-evaluated at considerable length. Not surprisingly, Gray discovers a multitude of "false syntheses" in their work, but the logical conclusion—that they were apparently highly imperfect writers and made themselves partially responsible for the Nazi debacle by demonstrating how to deceive and make the deception sound convincing through the misapplication of a philosophical system—eludes him because his thesis demands that the philosophy itself be the target.

After unearthing a mass of "contradictions, platitudes and cruel mockeries" in the *Magic Mountain* for example, the direction of Gray's accusing finger changes abruptly from the author to his tradition:

> To understand Mann better, however, we need to realize that, as he saw things, there was indeed a general validity attaching to the picture he drew, a validity which would be recognized by the greater number of his contemporaries in the German-speaking world, whether men of letters or politicians.

The German-speaking world, apparently victimized by generations of writers and thinkers, has developed the knack of making sense out of nonsense, according to Gray. Even Mann, whose most famous novel has just been charged with purposeful falsification, is excused in part because he too was a victim of the tradition.

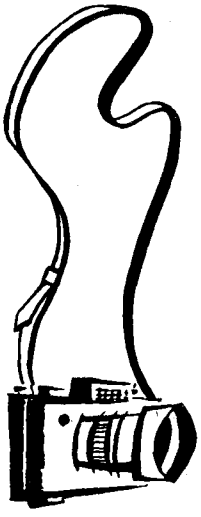
How much validity there might be in Gray's evaluation of Mann and Rilke is too large a question to be treated here. He charges Mann with making paradox and ambiguity an end in itself. He criticizes the detachment with which Mann synthesizes such opposites as *artist and Bürger, depravity and beauty* or *good and evil*. In the case of Rilke, he focuses upon mysticism (a term Gray sometimes spits out like a rotten piece of apple) and finds a vacillation "between theistic and natural mysticism, emerging only momentarily into an acceptance of unambiguous realities, unambiguous fulfillments." As a special friend of "unambiguous realities," Gray finds Rilke's poetry "not equipped" for meaningful affirmations.

Gray's approach to Mann and Rilke itself poses some questions about the limitations of literary criticism. That he himself was aware of these is indicated in a discussion of the necessity of re-evaluating accepted German masterpieces:

> The task is even more difficult when the critic must often walk on a razoredge, distinguishing the false synthesis from the true one (or the one that at all events rings true), the Inquisitor from the Christ, and when writers are so often bent on confusing these issues.

Is his danger of falling off the razor edge not sharply increased by the fact that, as his own statement shows, the author has severe doubts about even the possibility of a "true synthesis"? Does not the insistence on "false syntheses" act as a powerful deterrent to the search for meaning and truth in the works of Mann and Rilke? Gray makes some real efforts to maintain his balance, but the scope of his book does not allow him to exhaust sufficient possibilities to make his case convincing. At times he does seem to yield to the dangerous temptation to which his approach exposes him. At times he does seem to be taking the meaning out of the meaning.

The last chapter of the book, entitled,



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"English Resistance to German Literature from Coleridge to D. H. Lawrence," contains an unexpected turn in the presentation of the case. Gray, a lecturer in German at the University of Cambridge, here attempts to see the European future in the English past. Creating what appears to be a perfect polarity by placing the German and English traditions at opposite poles, he expresses his hope for some future European tradition foreshadowed in D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*:

> *Women in Love* is deeply indebted to German ideas, but it is also . . . a particularly English novel; it marries something from the English world, especially an insistence on individuality and morality, with something from the German world that had better just be called mysticism, whatever the misunderstandings that may arise: anti-nomianism, tne sense of all-embracingness, are two of its features.

Apparently morality and anti-nomianism (the belief in freedom from moral obligation) can be fruitfully "married" after all. The possibility, let alone the desirability, of such a synthesis would seem to exonerate the "philosophy of polarity," and certainly does make the message of the book rather confusing.

THEATRE / Robert Pasolli

Mr. Pasolli spent the 1962-63 season at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis on a Ford Foundation grant and was later associated with the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in New York.

Günter Grass' American career is by now operating according to the rule of geometric progression: for every new admirer enjoying a meaningful response to Grass' work there are multiples willing to admire him merely because others do. *The World of Günter Grass* at the Pocket Theatre (off-Broadway) is for the latter crowd and perhaps for the former few; it is certainly not for the uncommitted rest. A vaguely dramatic assemblage of material culled from Grass' novels and poems, the production is a low-keyed, ephemeral work, not without imagination and insight of an occasionally impressive order but utterly lacking in the power to move.

Mine is the opinion of one of the uncommitted, the works of Grass, comprising three novels, five plays and enough poems for a selected edition, having eluded my lazy eye. Since seeing *The World of Günter Grass* I have read *The Wicked Cooks*, which Prof. Robert W. Corrigan considers Grass' best play and one worthy to be included in his second anthology of *The New Theatre of Europe*. A work compounding thematic fantasy with dramaturgical intemperance — a misalliance which Giraudoux, for example, who also knew the wisdom of fantasy, was too sage to contrive — *The Wicked Cooks* struck me as ill conceived, if provocative.

The World of Günter Grass is provocative in much the same way: it gives you the sense of having got its finger on something important that had been overlooked in the ongoing debate. The nature of that something might be imprecise, but Grass' wide-ranging fancy and witty invention often manage, notwithstanding, to attach one's attention to questions one had considered too exhausted for further life, as for example the anti-Semitism that lurks deep in the heart of the friendly Aryan.

For the rest, *The World of Günter Grass* limns a landscape of the artist's sensibility which I found all too flat. Perhaps the arbitrary and special character of Grass' material makes for private promontories that are to us invisible. Per-

BRIEF LETTER

Let us live in a warehouse with green blinded shutters
Where I will store like stuffed owls my griefs
With a violet-paned lamp on an arm at the door
And keep an old barge nearby.
Let the shape of the building be like this —
But I cannot draw —
With a hook at the top for hoisting up
Whatever has fallen headfirst below.
You have heard of my lunacies before
But do you know of my simpler pleasures?
How I would bake oysters or roast eggs in a trunk jammed with hay
And to what I am committed when it seems so right
That the windows should fully receive the skies, like flowers,
In the evening when the sea rides up the long arms of the canals
Under the green fiats laid down by the boughs
And it is no accident, it was shaped that way,
And it is guarded, this belle *harmony*
Both so civilized and instinctual, so airy and grave
That it steadies and strengthens our frayed resolves.

And will you not understand
That when I fling open these cuckoo doors
To the hard edifices outside
Of our doubtful legacies and our dear dead god
I am thinking, too, of those turning the other cheek
To the Founders of State,
And the long prisons for those who will not quit the vision
Of what they have truly learned
Burns like time's face in the tower's clock.

JEAN GARRIGUE

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haps the low relief of the production style, while conceivably faithful to Grass' vision, conjures the scene virtually without effects. Such attenuation, however precious in poetry or the novel, is rather less valuable in the theatre. It seems to me an attribute that functions, in an art form deriving at least in part from dancing bears, to leave the spectator without spectacle.

ART / Max Kozloff

At the Guggenheim Museum this month, we are being offered the latest and most revealing glimpse into *l'affaire* Barnett Newman. I say affair because from the beginning there has always been something extra-artistic, even sociological, about the presence of this painter in the history of postwar American art. It is a presence that has loomed enormously large, on the basis of only a scanty showing of work. For Newman is enjoying the enviable career of having been a radical innovator among his own contemporaries during the forties, and of remaining a viable guide to an entirely younger generation today. Alone among the Abstract-Expressionists, his example still reaps new converts to an area (one is loath to call it a style) of undimmed relevance to the current situation. At one time literally a vast colored surface, with central splits, that area now reveals itself to be variations on the theme of a white canvas, vertically subdivided off at its sides by black bars or lines. His present show consists of fourteen such black-and-white paintings, 78 inches by 60 inches each (with one additional, having a left-hand orange border) entitled "The Stations of the Cross: Lema Sabachthani."

Elsewhere I have stated that Newman's position has been so fecund possibly because it has been so fragmentary. For his work, to paraphrase Delacroix, is the complete expression of an incomplete mind. With his manipulation of only the fewest elements on a monolithic scale, and his great frontal blankness, he could suggest a ground-breaking post-Cubist idiom without having to make individual statements within that idiom. In the sense that this can be an achievement in its own right, that it could provide a general context for others, more particularizing in their theses, Newman's reputation appears creditable. It would seem that he allowed various factors—color, scale and drawing—to be reinterpreted, if only by their dissociation and magnification as "objects" within the picture entity. The pictorial parts overwhelm the concept of the whole.

From the examples that have been exhibited, Newman's color contribution lies in his insistence that a single hue can dominate all other sensations. The color—red, orange or blue—is neither especially luscious nor particularly restrained; but it is optically all-pervading. Scale, of course, has a great deal to do with this. A museum or gallery is never as appropriate a place to demonstrate the effectiveness of such grandiosity as a private home, where a Newman painting will displace a whole wall and reduce into puniness the knicknacks of elegant living. To keep the impression that the core of the experience is still painting, a margin will contrast with the major mass, or a thin bar will funnel down its middle—not so much as a sketch of relationships but as testimony of unremitting weight and disproportion. If Newman were a musician it would seem as if he had restricted himself to composing for a kettledrum and triangle. He forgoes orchestration in favor of maximum differentiation. Finally, although he can be said to have dispensed with drawing in the conventional sense, he apparently wants it to be made known that any edge, even that of the painting, can purvey a drawing function. Lines, then, are not the only form of demarcation. From this has issued the quite clear critical judgment that the artist is not interested in either shape or closure but rather in an extension that belies the superficially geometric finiteness of the façade.

Yet I am let down by the elementary ambiguities of this vocabulary. Despite the calculated look of their structure, so many of Newman's paintings escape the responsibilities of ordering. And their sensuous uncommittedness—neither light nor tactility are energized or altogether dispensed with—leaves one gratuitously suspended and frustrated. Newman, in fact, might be a Puritan who has inadvertently strayed into a big-time context of indulgence, and come out a little confused in the process. On May 1, at the Guggenheim, he publicly permitted himself to say that a non-statement in painting still, after all, provides a statement.

The present suite of paintings, dating from 1958 to this year, are purposeful in visual theme, without in any sense being strictly dependent on one another. Yet, viewed as a group, they play a wide sequence of variations on spacing which, by virtue of the proximity of each canvas, has an unexpected coherence. Here, the idea (one that must go back at least to the mid-fifties), is to contrast a thick left-hand stripe against the foil of a spindle far off to the right. With the latter, by painting over a tape, and then pulling it away, he often gets the effect of a linear absence, thus softening the rather Manichean oppositions within the series. Around about the Sixth Station, he begins to do with line what he had previously done with color masses; and from the Ninth Station to the Eleventh, he plays off the beige unprimed canvas against the suddenly white bars. That Newman is not a finically scrupulous arranger of façade segments (like Mondrian), is testified by the spoliation of many of his compositions by a blatant signature.

The "program" of these paintings, the "Stations of the Cross," has caused a great deal of unnecessary consternation in the popular press (as well as befuddled Lawrence Alloway, who wrote the catalogue). But painters will always insist upon their right to have the most farfetched ideas, or advance the wildest claims about the content of their work. To fail to see some accord between these faceless abstracts and the story of the Via Dolorosa is as inevitable as it would be false to make an issue out of it. The particular moralistic packaging of his art by an artist known for bombast in these matters has always been unconvincing—despite the credence some have given to his earlier mouthings about the "sublime." Rather, with a great deal of ostentation, Newman has aspired to, and attained the bland.

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